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BON, THE WANDERER;
OR,
THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.
A STORY OF HOME, OF THE OCEAN, AND OF OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

AUTHOR OF "ODON, THE GOLD-HUNTER;" "THE OUTBROKER OF MONEY;" "CASTLE, THE OUTLAW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

It was a cold, drizzly day in the month of October. It was near the first of the month, and the weather had been disagreeable for several days. The wind was from the south-east, blowing fresh, and bringing with it a load of mist and chilliness which made the great metropolis anything but pleasant. On Church street, below Canal, stood a large mansion which was kept as a boarding-house of the first class. It was not a hotel, for everything was quiet and private about within the premises, and no one was permitted to rest there except he or she became a permanent boarder. And at the time of which we write this was well "up town," for New York had not grown to the extended proportions it has now assumed; and where, at the present time, busy streams are whole-hatred now, were young and buoyant then; and the shade of twenty years had become settled in business, with his wife and first child to adorn his home, was, in this past time, an infant upon his mother's bosom.

Within one of the best rooms of the house already mentioned—a room upon the second floor, and looking out upon the street—sat a woman yet in the meridian of age; but, alas! I fear not in the morning of her own life. She sat in a large, easy chair, with soft pillows carefully arranged about her, so that she could sit upright, and yet recline with ease. The dark, glossy hair, waving over her shoulders, the large, black eyes, gleaming with a dreamy light; the finely carved features; the almost transparent purity of the skin; and the slight, delicate frame, at once bespoke the child of a southern clime. She had not seen her eight-and-twentieth year. Would she see it on earth?

One live skilled in physiological lore than he who has made it a study would have quickly seen that the occupant of that easy chair was the victim of a lingering, wasting disease; and none who had watched by the couch of a friend through the long, tedious hours of consumption's fatal march, could not have failed to see that the same dread destroyer had claimed the mother-wife for its own!

Her name was recorded in the book of the boarding-house as Mrs. Regina Hartley. She had come to that house on the first of June, having sought a southern residence through the sultry months of summer. The story of her present position was simply this: Her father was in New Orleans. She was by birth a Creole—a native of Cuba, of the old Castilian stock; but an orphan at an early age, with none would, and in care of a guardian who was sire of kin. At the age of seventeen she was married with a merchant of New Orleans, who chanced to meet her in Havana, while there on business. On the first of January, about two years after her marriage, and twenty-two months previous to the time of which we write, her husband sailed for Canton, in China. He had business of the utmost importance to call him there; and as he went he settled up all his affairs in New Orleans, leaving his property wholly in cash, saving only the furniture and plate which they had used in their hotel.

After her husband was gone, Mrs. Hartley remained at her hotel, with her child, until late in the Spring of the following year, when it was not been strong when he went away; but no fears had been entertained. At the expiration of seventeen months, however, she had become very much worn. Her physician told her she must spend the Summer further north—that she could not survive another hot season in that trying climate. So she had sought the locality of New York, supposing to get some good water-voyage as soon as the season opened. But when the warmer months came, and the more favored ones sought the cooler shades and nearer breathings of green trees and gushing springs, she, alas! was too weak to go, and the physician said her she could not bear it.

But the waning disease was not the only sorrow that rested upon her. Over a year and a half had passed away since her husband left her, and she had not heard from him!—not one word whereby the might know whether he lived to love her still. The few years they had passed together had been years of peace and joy without alloy. Their love had been perfect, and from the moment of their marriage it had grown in power and depth. She had worshipped the brave and generous man whom God had given her to be her companion; and he had held her as a thing too lovely and pure to be roughly used; feeling never so happy as when reclining by her side, and laboring with the greatest heart when laboring for her good. Ere he went away he told her he would write something every day when he was able, and then send it to her at opportunity should offer.

But not a word yet! She had watched every new-comer with the most intense eagerness, and every letter from her bankers and friends in New Orleans was opened with a hushed and anxiously

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aching heart. But the one familiar hand was not seen. Not a word yet!

Mrs. Hartley had brought two servants on with her—two black girls—Lida and Lizzy. They were both in the room with their mistress now, the former sitting at her feet, while the latter was by the window engaged in sewing.

"Lida," spoke the woman, in a soft sweet tone, the music of which was too deep for such lips, "do you think it will be pleasant soon?"

"Sometime to-morrow," replied the girl, speaking with but very little of the idiom peculiar to her race—and at the same time gazing up with a look which betrayed only the deepest love and gratitude.

"Why do you think so, Lida?"

"Because de moon changes to-morrow, Missus!"

"And so you think the change of the moon will affect the weather, do you?"

"O—I know it will. It always does. Didn't you ever notice, at the end of a long storm, that the moon was jus in a change?"

"Yes, I have; sure of it," murmured the lovalid, wistfully.

"Oh—she's right, Missus," cried Lizzy, from the window—a jetty black, middle-aged negress—who had been listening to the conversation. "De moon an de signiomenker ob de weddy. Why—bress your soul, missus, les nobber seed de moon change but we didn't know some kind of weather for sartin."

"Very likely," replied the mistress, with a smile.

"O—fee sartin, missus. Ole Pomp nebber went away from home when de moon was a gwine to change without he took along his clo'es. He know'd what weather was—ole Pomp did."

"I hope it will be pleasant," the sick woman said, earnestly and prayerfully.

"I tell ye it will be pleasant," persisted Lizzy. "De moon am a gwine to change da berry night, an' I watched 'em all de time. He's a-gwine into his forth quarter."

Lizzy had heard much about judging of the weather from the moon, and looking upon that as one of the most important points of astronomy, she had studied her almanac until she had learned by heart all the changes of the moon for the year, and on the present occasion she saw signs in the heavens which her preceptions caught as sure indications of fair weather; and her assurance was based more upon what she saw than upon anything she knew of meteorological science.

"If it was pleasant when you got out, Missus?" asked Lida affectionately.

"Out?" repeated the woman, starting. "Ah, my child, you will weep, I fear, when I next go out!"

"Why—Missus—you wouldn't go for to go off and leave us?" cried Lida, with a frightened look and tone.

"Foolish child, how many times have I told you that I should not be much longer with you. Can not you read the truth upon my pale cheek, and in my hollow voice? Can you not see it in my eye—upon my lip—and upon this wasting frame?"

"Oh! Good Lord wont let you die, Missus! You mean you'll die, I know what you mean. But you mustn't, 'cause you'll break my heart."

There was no affectation in all this—but truly spoken. In a half-frightened tone, while the starting tears told the sincerity of the heart.

"Girls," resumed Mrs. Hartley, "have you done as I bid you some weeks ago?"

"What?" asked both the servants, in a breath—Lizzy ceasing as she spoke, and coming and sitting upon the carpeted floor at Lida's side.

"Have you bound say bonnets yet? Have you made up your clothes, and packed you old duds—what—I—am gone?"

"Don't! Don't!" groaned Lizzy, clasping her hands, and gazing with an eager, beseeching look into her mistress's face. "Don't go for to say sich things. Oh! God Lord nebber 'll take you away while poor ole Lizzy libs. Look—fee's mud down to de sea, an yes in, Missus, eits I?"

"Not quite, Lizzy. You are only forty-four. I am twenty-seven. You would have to be fifty-four to be twice as old as I am—ten years older than you are now."

"Missus," said the noble servant, gazing earnestly up, and seeming to forget her sorrow for the while in the abstract problem she had grappled. "You must be mistakened. You must, for sartin. You've forgot somp'n. I remember, jis' as plain as can be, how de day you was so angrified wid Ole did call you in Havana, you told I was jis' twice as old as you was. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, Lizzy. But that was ten years ago."

"Ten years?" reflected Lizzy, doubtful to see if her mistress was in earnest. "An' habn't I libb'd dem ten years as much as you hab. Tell me dat."

"Certainly," returned the lady, with a smile. "But if you were to keep twice as old as I am you would have to live two years to my one."

"Did I do two years to your one afore dat time when you wouldn't hab me—Dan—what kine o' sense?"

"Yes—but you were born seventeen years before I was. Now see: When I was born you were seventeen years old—just seventeen times old as I was."

"Goodness mercy!"

"And when I was seventeen, you had only grown seventeen years more—and that made you just twice as old as I. Now, when I am forty, being seventeen times as old as I was, you came to only twice as old. So you'll always be seventeen years older than I am while we both live."

Lizzy sat very plainly that her mistress was in earnest, as she said, and her face, that had turned look, and the earnestness with which she combated position, told plainly enough that she didn't comprehend it at all. It was a mathematical problem as her of mighty depth. However, her mind was soon relieved of the trouble by the subject upon which they had first spoken.

"But never mind dat now," resumed Mrs. Hartley. "You know I told you that you must be looking up home. When I am gone, of course you cannot remain here. And of course you would not wish to return to New Orleans; for you have no friends there. I will give you five thousand dollars each, and with that you can commence life on your own account very well. Have you looked around at all—either of you?"

"No," they both said. They could not realize that their loved mistress will guilty to leave them; and to get away and try to find some somewhere, while that mistress lived, seemed little less to them than to desert her. However, Mrs. Hartley soon assured them that she could not remain with them long, and bade them go as soon as they could and look around for some place where they could live and toil.

Just as the lovalid ceased speaking one of the bells was opened, and a well-dressed elderly and stiffly into the room. It was a boy—a boy not more than five years of age—with an open face upon his face. He was small and delicate in frame, with one of those strange heads which indicate that the brain must soon wear out the body. His brow was high and full, with a well-balanced proportioner of intellectual and moral faculties. His eyes were of a deep, rich blue, slightly tending towards a greyish hue; and his other features almost the counterpart of his mother's. They were finely and regular, and even powerful that pale, translucent beauty which marked the parent. His manners and speech were characterized by a precocity which sometimes manifests itself in the children of peculiarly sensitive and finely organized parents. He had, now of a dark flaxen hair, fell about his white neck in neatly arranged ringlets; but it was evident that a few more years, if he lived to see them, would make that hair darker, and also change the blue of those eyes to more of the grayish cast.

"Bless," said his mother, placing her thin hand upon his head, as he came close to her side, "where have you been?"

"Miss Marshall has been giving me my reading lesson, mamma; and a very beautiful lesson it was, too."

"What was it about, my son?"

"It was about Alexander the Great," replied the boy, his eyes growing brighter, and his face assuming a momentary flush. "Oh—what a great man he was!"

"But was he a good man, Bless?"

"Wasn't he a good man, mamma?" the boy quickly asked.

"Not so good as he ought to have been, my son."

The child pondered a few moments, and then said—

"What a pity so great a man shouldn't have been good. Why—only think, mamma—how very, very good such a man might be if he wanted to. How much good he could do, couldn't he?"

"Yes, Bless."

"I couldn't help thinking, while I read about Alexander, how much richer this city would be if he could take it than it is now."

"How so, my son?"

"Why—don't you see: He would have the power then; and he could take all he wanted to make the poor people happy. If a rich old bad man had lots of money stuck away in stockings, and in old trees, because the ground, Alexander could take it and help the poor with it."

"That is—if he was good."

"Well—but—how can a great, brave man help being good?"

"My child, they are not always good!"

"But 'most always, aren't they, mamma?"

"Not great conquerors, my son. They have been too often guided by avarice and ambition in attaining their greatness."

"I know what ambition is, mamma—because Alexander was full of it. But what is avarice? It doesn't say anything about it there."

"Avarice, my son, is that spirit in men which leads them to gain and hold things which are for their benefit alone; and which can only feed the worst passions of the soul. When a man desires money just for the sake of having it to hoard up—just as the old miser that you spoke of did—then he is avaricious. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the child, with his eyes cast down, and his mind evidently at work upon the subject. He paused a few minutes, and then he asked—

"I think Alexander was avaricious, then. Why—would you believe it, mamma?—he even sat down in Persia, after he had conquered a great nation, and cried because there wasn't any more for him to conquer. Wasn't that funny?"

"It shows that he was so covetous that he was made unhappy by it.—Don't it?"

"Yes, mamma.—I does."

"Then you mustn't allow yourself to become discontented, my son."

"*Contented?*"

"I mean too much pleased with his character. You must not wish to imitate such a disposition."

"O—I should never do that, mamma. Alexander killed men. He burned up great cities, and got to death all the people. Oh! I should never want to be like him in that. But—but—I should like to be as great as he was. Don't you think you shall love me better when I grow up, if I grow to be a great man, and a good man, too? Only think, mamma dear!—you will be old then, and how happy—oh! how happy I shall be to help you along and protect you in that time."

The fond mother gazed a moment into the handsome, soul-wrought features of her boy, and then, with a burst of tears, she threw her arms about him, and pressed him to her bosom.

"Mamma," spoke the child, even more earnestly than was his wont, "why do you weep so much now? You didn't use to do so. Why is it? Everytime you look at me now you weep. Why is it? When I came in Lida and Lizzy had been crying. Come, mamma—tell your Bless why it is. Tell me."

But the mother only strained him to her breast and spoke not a word. It was hard to die in the morning of life; it was harder still to die without seeing her husband; but—oh! how deep the agony when she thought of that pure and gentle child! Who should guide those trembling steps, and lead that strange young mind safely along through the various paths of knowledge? Sometimes—in the deep, still night—when the pain was intense, and her breath came hard and reluctantly—when her head ached, and her heart struggled wearily at its work—when she remembered the friends of her early youth, her parents, her sister, and a loved brother, all passed away to the land of the Hereafter—then she folded her hands, and calmly thought of death—only praying that she might meet the loved ones gone before.

But—be the other time—when she thought of her child—when she held him to her bosom, and knew that in all the world, if his father ever grew, there was not one to love him as he needed—when she thought of the dreary, desolate orphanage—then she clasped her hands more eagerly, and begged God to let her live!—to live for her child—anything to see her husband once more!—she asked for nothing more.

The mother had pondered some moments for a reply to the question of her child, and was becoming nervous and fearful, when a light tap sounded upon the door.

"It's Mister Christopher," said Lida, who had gone to the door and received the message from the servant there.

"Let him come up," she said, with relief. "Bless, my child—you'll run out a little while, won't you?"

"And you'll answer my question when I come back, mamma?"

"Perhaps so, dear."

The boy turned towards the door, and passed out. In the hall he met the man who had come to see his mother. He knew the man was his uncle; but never now as he met the agent of the brother of his father, his young heart quaked with a deadly fear! Why was it? We shall see.

CHAPTER II.

THE DARK UNCLE.

The man who then entered the apartment of the sick woman was dressed well, and seemed to be a person of temperate habits—for no outright dissipation could have left its mark upon the palsied stop. His was tall and stout; forty years of age; with black hair and eyes; and with a complexion, naturally dark, made more dark by exposure. There was nothing strikingly repulsive in his features; but yet not one woman in a thousand would have dared to look at him. There was a cold look in his black eye; and that same look crept down his beak-like nose, and dwelt upon his coarse, bushy beard. In step, as he entered the room, was more like the crawl of a panther than like the tread of a man; and his glance was hurriedly and tortured, like the glance of one whom deepest feelings must be hidden.

And why should the pure, gentle woman, who was passing on towards the shores of the upper world, trust to such a man?

Ah—he was the brother—the only brother of her husband. He was the one for whom, before she had heard from New Orleans that her husband's brother was dead, she had felt very glad. She had never seen him; but he was a brother to the man she loved best on earth, and she felt the kindness for him.

And when she saw him did she not recoil from his presence?

Ah, no! Would to God that she had! But she did not. She was very gentle and he spoke very kindly. He stood there when he entered of the brother over the sea. Ere the poor woman could speak to him, the dim light of death on first saw him he had laid hold upon her sympathy. He had taken her hand in his own, and looked down with the shadow of evening; so the face, that would else have been repulsive, had left there, while the speech, which may be wrought to easy circumstances, stood boldly out.

But when she saw him in the full light of day, did she not then recoil?

She felt that impression was a strong one. His words were still touching and gentle, and his face was deeply hidden behind his strange beard. As Hartley believed he was good and kind, and that he meant well. He was the brother of her husband—and that was enough for her to be the wife and child of his boyhood's best companion?

Such reasoning as this must have come the two girls left the room, and when the door was closed behind them the man approached the great chair, took the hand of the invalid, and pressed it to his lips.

"Sis of my beloved brother," he said, tenderly, "let me hope that I find you improved. Let me hope we may find your old fears put away."

"Ah, Christopher," she answered, with a faint smile, "my improvement can only be such as shall fit me better for the unseen land towards which I am swiftly journeying. I am—"

"What, my own sister?"

"Going?"

"Say not so. Oh! let me speak more joyous words. Let us bid you live. You are easier than you were yesterday."

"I am not in so much pain, brother; for my frame has become too weak to feel it. Last night

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I had strange feelings. As I lay awake, and heard the morning wind whispering at my windows, I asked myself how I felt; and myself answered very truly I am sure.

"And that answer my sister—what was it?"

"That a few days—a very few at the furthest—would complete the sum of my allotted time on earth. Stop—Hear me through. I considered carefully my feelings for the last few months; I remembered what my physician had told me; and when I summed all up I knew that I must soon feel the cold dark hand of death. I—I—dear—I"

Christopher Huntley drew back and bowed his head. He remained so for some moments, and then said—

"My sister, I should not be to you a true friend if I did not speak the truth, however much that truth may rack my soul in the utterance. I fear you will not?"

"Aye, my brother—I know I am. Oh! if I could only hear from one ere I fall asleep! You have not heard yet?"

"No—not directly."

"Not *directly*?" uttered the invalid, exceedingly. Have you heard at all?"

"I met a man yesterday who had just arrived from China; and I asked him if he had seen my brother. He told me there was a man of that very name just recovering from a severe sickness when he left. He said the name was from New Orleans—that his name was Gideon Huntley—and that he was a merchant. He had been sick, sigh unto death, for many months, and was recovering when he parted from him."

"Oh, God be praised!" the woman ejaculated, clasping her hands and raising her eyes towards heaven. Then she caught her brother's hand in the arm, and while the tears of gratitude started down the long, silken lashes of her strangely brilliant eyes, she cried—

"He will come home! He will come to see our child! Oh! Bliss will pay me—will explain to the great dark world! He will come home—he will—he will come, my brother!"

"I am sure he will," returned the brother, who had wiped his hard eyes until they had become red and bloated. "But it may be some months yet ere he has had much business to do when this man left Canton."

"But he will come! My boy will not be fatherless. He will have more than a mother's love to endure the dangerous track of early youth."

"My sister," said the brother-in-law, in a low, earnest voice, "your hopes will be realized, be sure. Yet you should not cast such an imputation upon my love."

"Imputation, brother?"

"By intimating that your sweet child could be friendless in the world. Do you suppose that I would accept a single bounty from Heaven that were to belong to the child and delight of mine? I know you must feel gratefully happy to believe that Gideon will return; but—pardon me for the words—they are true, and I must speak them—your child shall not need the love of his father while I live; and when the first pangs of his bereavement are passed, he shall turn his heart to me, and love me as much as he were of my own flesh and blood."

The mother bowed her head, and a shudder crept through her frame, as she realized the words which the brother had meant should be the most effective of all he had yet said—should be the first to strike upon her soul assuredly. They fairly startled her—so much so that the gravel quickly into the speaker's face to see if he had changed. But when she came to reflect she explained it all to herself. She knew that her brother-in-law was something chilling in the thought that her child should grow up and own all his love and gratitude to those who were strangers as his birth!

"My brother," she said, after she had overcome the first force of the emotion, "I did not mean that. You know what I meant. You know what must be a mother's feelings."

"O—yes Belinda. And I only meant to assure you of my love by what I said; I spoke unwisely."

After this there was a closure of some minutes. Christopher Huntley got up and walked to the window and sat he gazed out into the street for a second quite uneasy. And the invalid, too, seemed ill at ease. What was it that the brother then nearly alike? Was it the thought that some proprietor must be made in view of the approaching dissolution? Most likely.

By and by Christopher Huntley sat down again by the side of his brother-in-law's bed. There had occurred a very serious look; and a clear observer could have discovered that he was nervous and fearful.

"My sister," he said, taking her right hand in both of his, and looking into her face, "however much we may dislike to introduce business into such a conversation, yet it must be done. I feel that you must soon pass away. You leave a child not five years old; and a property, too, a large amount of property. What shall be done with it until your husband returns?"

The woman started, and drawing her hand away she raised it to her face.

"I know the subject is a painful one, my beloved sister; but it is at the same time an important one. When you are gone your precious child must not be left without a legal protector. You know that my boy would lead me to do all in my power; and that I would cherish and protect him as the very centre of my joys. Yet all this may not be. If you die without making any disposition for the child, the court may do it for you; and then a total stranger may come in and take the object of our love, and rule him with a rod of iron!"

A low cry of pain from the lips of the fainting lips, and a fearful shudder shook her frame.

"Oh! that must not be. I have thought of this—I have thought of it nearly all night—and I prayed—and several times I have tried to speak with you upon the subject, but my courage failed me. I feel—I feel to ask you to help me in this!"

"*Revolt?*" repeated the man, in a tone of apprehension.

"I feel to ask you to assume such a burden. I know you love me; but still that may be no reason why you should burden yourself with a helpless child. Yet his father may never return, and you may not have the burden long. Oh—if I dared to ask you, my precious soul Gideon cannot be born—"

Christopher Huntley turned away his head. He was obliged to do it: for he could not let the sister see the look of sudden exultation which had gleamed into his face. And he could not subdue the rather emotion he said—

"I will not chide you, Belinda, for I appreciate your delicacy; but still I must say that you have been very wrong. You have not duly wronged yourself most, but you have wronged me. Have you never known that your husband spoken so freely as I speak; and in place of further remark on that head let us look further into the business we have now reached. I have no children of my own, my roving life having prevented me from being married. But I love children—I love children, because they are children—and how much the more shall I love a child which is almost my own! My own in love, then surely in. Let him be mine in fact until his father returns. I have made such arrangements in my business that I shall have a permanent home hereafter. If you must leave us, we have the charge of Miss until he shall return who has the best claim to his care. I have plenty—my means are ample—to fear not on that account."

"No, no, my brother!" quickly cried Belinda, touched by his kindness, his seeming tenderness, and generosity. "No, no—you shall not do that. I shall leave behind me—belonging to my husband, of course, but mine while he is away—you two hundred thousand dollars, besides the land in New Orleans. I will leave money enough with us draw from your own purse under such circumstances."

"Why," said Christopher, with a cheerful smile, which did more in advancing his cause than did his words, "as for that my purse is as well open as plainly as to hide anything. Were I to promise you to take all the dear boy's expenses from your funds I might not like to do it. I might much prefer to draw upon myself than upon your banker. Shall I tell you why?"

"Of course."

"Then plainly—there are different ideas of the expense necessary to the education of a child. My ideas are very simple. I would have him in the path of strict virtue and truth. And I would do this through love and gentleness, and—spend the system—through good example. Ah! how few realize the full power of kindness over the mind of the child. Kindness and love are all powerful under the care of one who could be harsh and severe with him. And I should have his care of a good asylum, where a solitary life might at least keep him from the contamination of vicious companions. Every harsh, ungenerous word spoken to a child is one step towards making harsh its own heart—"

"Hu—hu—hu!" sobbed the invalid, in a voice of a strange manner. Let's no—where was I?"

"You said that you would prefer not sending the—"

"Yes—I remember. Yes. I told there were different ideas of the expense necessary to the education of a child. Now I believe in gratifying the wants and wishes of a child to the full of the means laid by our means. Had I a child under my charge, I could not be happy to have one hidden with unsatisfied. So I might draw more heavily on your banker—only you must not think of refusing. So, no," he added, with another of those unnatural smiles, "I would rather be my own banker, and then I and my nephew would have no room for so misunderstanding. I have enough. More than enough for myself and my wife—I have no children—besides on that score."

Happy-minded! Happy in thought at that moment—happy in ignorance of the serpent-tongue that whispered to her—happy in the belief that a child would be near one who would love it! Could she? She caught her relative's hand; and, while the tears streamed down her face, she said—

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"I know the subject is a painful one, my beloved sister; but it is at the same time an important one. When you are gone your precious child must not be left without a legal protector. You know that my boy would lead me to do all in my power; and that I would cherish and protect him as the very centre of my joys. Yet all this may not be. If you die without making any disposition for the child, the court may do it for you; and then a total stranger may come in and take the object of our love, and rule him with a rod of iron!"

A low cry of pain from the lips of the fainting lips, and a fearful shudder shook her frame.

"Oh! that must not be. I have thought of this—I have thought of it nearly all night—and I prayed—and several times I have tried to speak with you upon the subject, but my courage failed me. I feel—I feel to ask you to help me in this!"

"*Revolt?*" repeated the man, in a tone of apprehension.

"I feel to ask you to assume such a burden. I know you love me; but still that may be no reason why you should burden yourself with a helpless child. Yet his father may never return, and you may not have the burden long. Oh—if I dared to ask you, my precious soul Gideon cannot be born—"

Christopher Huntley turned away his head. He was obliged to do it: for he could not let the sister see the look of sudden exultation which had gleamed into his face. And he could not subdue the rather emotion he said—

"I will not chide you, Belinda, for I appreciate your delicacy; but still I must say that you have been very wrong. You have not duly wronged yourself most, but you have wronged me. Have you never known that your husband spoken so freely as I speak; and in place of further remark on that head let us look further into the business we have now reached. I have no children of my own, my roving life having prevented me from being married. But I love children—I love children, because they are children—and how much the more shall I love a child which is almost my own! My own in love, then surely in. Let him be mine in fact until his father returns. I have made such arrangements in my business that I shall have a permanent home hereafter. If you must leave us, we have the charge of Miss until he shall return who has the best claim to his care. I have plenty—my means are ample—to fear not on that account."

"No, no, my brother!" quickly cried Belinda, touched by his kindness, his seeming tenderness, and generosity. "No, no—you shall not do that. I shall leave behind me—belonging to my husband, of course, but mine while he is away—you two hundred thousand dollars, besides the land in New Orleans. I will leave money enough with us draw from your own purse under such circumstances."

"Why," said Christopher, with a cheerful smile, which did more in advancing his cause than did his words, "as for that my purse is as well open plainly as to hide anything. Were I to promise you to take all the dear boy's expenses from your funds I might not like to do it. I might much prefer to draw upon myself than upon your banker. Shall I tell you why?"

"Of course."

"Then plainly—there are different ideas of the expense necessary to the education of a child. My ideas are very simple. I would have him in the path of strict virtue and truth. And I would do this through love and gentleness, and—spend the system—through good example. Ah! how few realize the full power of kindness over the mind of the child. Kindness and love are all powerful under the care of one who could be harsh and severe with him. And I should have his care of a good asylum, where a solitary life might at least keep him from the contamination of vicious companions. Every harsh, ungenerous word spoken to a child is one step towards making harsh its own heart—"

"Hu—hu—hu!" sobbed the invalid, in a voice of a strange manner. Let's no—where was I?"

"You said that you would prefer not sending the—"

"Yes—I remember. Yes. I told there were different ideas of the expense necessary to the education of a child. Now I believe in gratifying the wants and wishes of a child to the full of the means laid by our means. Had I a child under my charge, I could not be happy to have one hidden with unsatisfied. So I might draw more heavily on your banker—only you must not think of refusing. So, no," he added, with another of those unnatural smiles, "I would rather be my own banker, and then I and my nephew would have no room for so misunderstanding. I have enough. More than enough for myself and my wife—I have no children—besides on that score."

Happy-minded! Happy in thought at that moment—happy in ignorance of the serpent-tongue that whispered to her—happy in the belief that a child would be near one who would love it! Could she? She caught her relative's hand; and, while the tears streamed down her face, she said—

"My brother,

"Ah—tight—he'll forget that—family name—you. Go on."

"Hem—listen—"

"I am listening—thinking, too. Go on."

"Then—if he forgets all this, at the age of twelve, I shall come and claim to be his father, and send him off to sea. I have had my wits about me. You see I have shaved off my whiskers. I shall wear them then. But even if he remembers me, which I shall be still, the transformation will bother him. He'll have a recollection of me, but not distinct; and when I claim to be his father, he went dispute it."

"I am all ears. Go on." Bottle very near empty.

"Well—you see it very near the end now. Of course he'll go to sea—he'll ship as a—and as for me he'll never see me again from that day."

"*And will he her sons?*" said Barnibas, in a strange whisper.

"O—oh—I forgot that," cried Huntley, quickly, and with surmount. "Yes—he is very single. At the first favorable opportunity *Ben Bluday will die and be known as a pirate never.* Do you see?"

"Perhaps not as you see," was the meaning answer.

"You are nonpainted with many people here. We can easily *hop a deal boy?*"

"I see now, sir," said Barnibas. "I see your aim. Let me think."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ADVENTURE.

BY ALICE CAIE.

I have told the winds my sorrow,
I have told it to the sea;
But they never stop to sing for me,
Or to hear me say more.

I have made the moon acquainted
With all my gloomy fear,
But still she stays among the stars,
And leaves me darkness here.

I ask the ladies to mourn with me
That ever I was born,
But they fly away and hide their heads
In the very wake of the morn.

So I will go about my house
With cheerful heart and eyes,
And fill life's possibility
With the strength that is in me.

THE FOILED TEMPTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't urge me, Henry," said Mrs. Hewling to her young, intelligent, good-looking husband. "I cannot go. Tell me, as you were well know, all such gay pleasures are at an end."

"I urge you, Anna, dear," said Mr. Hewling, gently waving hand and smoothing with his hand, as he spoke, the dark glossy hair from which she had removed every sign of a curl, and parted smoothly away towards the white temple—"for two reasons. One, because I think that continued seclusion of yourself wrong and injurious to your state of mind; and the other, because I desire that you go also to General Malcolm's. More than from my pleasure it loss, in *any* company, by your absence."

"It is impossible!" Mrs. Hewling answered, and there was then a sign of impatience in the way she spoke; "and I wonder that you can so urge me. Am I not still in black?"

"Lay aside your black, dear." Mr. Hewling's tone lost not a single shade of affection. "You have worn it too long already. Why—it should never have gathered like a gloomy death curtain around you, shadowing both mind and body as it has done. Lay your black aside."

"Never!" said Mrs. Hewling, almost indignantly. "When we buried our little Flora, the light of joy died in my heart, and the darkness of a perpetual mourning gathered around my spirit. I shall never lay it aside."

The head of Mr. Hewling was removed from the glossy hair of his wife, and, with a suppressed sigh, he stepped back from her a pace or two.

"Don't let my remaining at home, keep you from General Malcolm's," said Mrs. Hewling, in a cold way. "I have no wish to interfere with your enjoyment."

"If I had not promised to meet an old friend there, I would not go," replied Mr. Hewling. "As it is, my word binds me."

He did not say, as he might have done, that it was a lady friend, and one to whom he wished to present his wife.

"Go, by all means. I would be selfish to wish to deprive you of a single pleasure," Mrs. Hewling said, in a sad kind of way.

And Mr. Hewling did go; not, however, with any pleasurable anticipations. It was now over a year since death claimed his only youngest born, a babe whose life had numbered only a few months. This was the mother's first grief—her first experience in sorrow, and she found it hard for her not to be comforted. Ever since that time, she had been sitting in darkness, and would not come out—not even her husband—to lead her forth into the cheerful sunlight.

Mr. Hewling was a man of social feeling, and one who took pleasure in friendly intercourse. His wife's gloomy state of mind was a source of depression of herself, deprived him of one of his life's greatest enjoyments—for he never went out into company unless she were with him. On the present occasion he went with more than his usual reluctance. He felt only forced to do so, was compressed of her; and, so she was a handsome woman, of refined taste and cultivated mind, he was naturally felt desirous to see her in comparison with other women—for comparisons always proved her favorable to her, at least to his estimation. Such fond pride in a husband may be classed with virtues instead of weaknesses. Men, at least, will approve the sentiment, while others may smile, and say, good-naturedly—"An old-fashioned woman."

To the lady-friend—an old favorite of Mr. Hewling's, and one who, on his side—he was conscious of near winning the highest place in his affections—he felt particularly desirous of presenting his wife. But he was forced to go to the entertainment at General Malcolm's alone.

It was some three years since Mr. Hewling had seen Miss Lightner, the old friend to whom we have referred, and the period had made no change sure on both sides. The lady had gained womanly attractions during that period, and now met her former friend, and almost lover, in the beauty of maturer charms. The girlish lightness of her character had given way to a dignified bearing that imparted something noble to her manners; and the opinions of a cultivated intellect, added to personal graces of no common order, threw around her a web of fascinations that made her a centre of attraction in all companies.

Ere Mr. Hewling was aware of it, he was so drawn within the circle of her influence as to be an admirer. "How wonderfully she has improved! Into what a charming woman she has grown?" he said to himself almost enthusiastically.

And then his thoughts ran back to the time when, in contrast with the sweet maiden he had chosen for his wife, her cousin shined but a poor star beside him, and all the wealth of his pure love was given to another. Alas! that the eternal law's a different impression now!

"Is Mrs. Hewling present?" asked Miss Lightner, soon after their meeting. "I have not had the pleasure, you know, of making her acquaintance."

The eyes of Miss Lightner were on the face of her old friend, reading every shade of expression. She saw an instant change.

"She is not here," replied Mr. Hewling, almost sighing as he spoke.

"Not sick, I hope." Miss Lightner's gaze was most penetrating. A suspicion had flashed across her mind that the marriage of her old friend had proved unhappy, and she was looking for the signs of disappointment. Of all the men with whom she had enjoyed an intimate acquaintance, she had admired Mr. Hewling most; and had he chosen her from among the maidens, and asked her to stand beside him at the altar, she would have linked unhesitatingly her fortunes with his. As it was, she had declined many offers, because those who sought her love fell below the manly ideal up to which her precocious mind had risen.

"Sick in mind," replied Mr. Hewling. "It is over a year since we lost a babe, and ever since that time my wife has been sitting in darkness. I cannot dispel the gloom that surrounds her, nor win her from her shadowed seclusion into the cheerful sunlight. I did hope that she would accompany me here this evening, so that you might meet as old friends. But I am disappointed."

The tones of Mr. Hewling expressed even more regret than his words.

"How much I should have been pleased to make her acquaintance," said the young lady, with something of her old warmth and familiarity of manner, and in a tone that gave a genuine response to the feelings of her old acquaintance. Then she gradually fell into conversation into another channel, and so charmed him with the graces of a nearly cultivated intellect, that the hours flew by with such light pinions that he scarcely noted their passage. Almost through the entire evening they were together. Once Miss Lightner referred to her then Mr. Hewling was her partner. She plead fatigue in declining the hand of another gentleman, who asked her to join in a subsequent contdance. So interested were they with each other on to occasion remark.

"How long will you remain in the city?" inquired Mr. Hewling, as he stood in bowers for having half the company had retired, and saw by his watch that it wanted but a few minutes to two. And now, hopeless of any change in you, he has stepped back to his former place by her side, and in attractive qualities have drawn to his side those who, were you with him in the beauty and charm of your youthful maidenhood, would have passed him by without a look.

"Not to one of the pleasures in reserve for me. And it will be a high pleasure, as I am particularly fond of music," said Miss Lightner.

"Are you engaged for to-morrow evening?"

"No."

There was a brief pause. "How will it look for me to be seen at the opera with Miss Lightner, and my wife at home, hiding herself from the world in a grief that will not admit of consolation?" He did not ask his answer in words. It was in his own satisfaction, but obeying impulse instead of reason, said—

"May I have the pleasure of your company? She sings in Il Trovatore."

"The temptation is too great for me to answer no," replied the lady, throwing into her smile a fascination that was lost to her companion in the beauty in the eyes of Mr. Hewling.

"I have also two tickets for a concert I met at General Malcolm's to take her to the opera this evening," said Mr. Hewling to his wife, on the next day.

"Have you?" Mrs. Hewling glanced towards her husband with a look of inquiry. "Who is she?"

"The lady of whom I have already spoken. Her name is Miss Lightner. I so much regretted your absence from General Malcolm's last evening. I wanted you to meet with her."

Mrs. Hewling sighed, and the light of an awakening interest, which had come for a little time, left itself among the old shadows.

"Will you go with me this evening? Say yes, Anna! It will be such a pleasure to me." The husband spoke with ardor.

"I have strong will. It is true you will urge me in this way," answered Mrs. Hewling, with enough of feeling in tone and manner to show that Mr. Hewling's aspect in the eyes of her husband. In the same moment she resolved to make an effort to overcome the latitude itself, in contrast, and with the distinctness of a living presence.

Mrs. Hewling said nothing more. The case seemed hopeless. Something of coldness, and something of alienation, which she could not have received, but be turned, with an involuntary movement, partly away from her husband.

There was in the heart of Mrs. Hewling a new, strange, and uncomfortable feeling, after her husband had left her to attend to other duties. Contrast with Miss Lightner, a lady whom she had never seen, and of whom she had never heard, but who was on distinct image or perception. It was something that had come between them, and was operating

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE EXCELLENCY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity carries with it proofs of truth and beauty, which belong to no other religion. If there were no miracle, martyr, or witness to attest its truth, it is excellence and applicability to the wants of man are an evidence no human can overturn. The older and mythological theories, possessed nothing in common with the teachings of the Bible. They stripped the hearth of its sacredness, and also, starved their worshippers to make orgies for fanciful unclean gods. Fire and sword, blood and orgies, have been their concomitants, and they have made the earth only a moaning hell between the eternities. They may have uttered beautiful precepts and proverbs, but they embraced no perfect system by which to direct the conscience and life. None of the old religions, in their dances around senseless idols, contained the idea of any of them answered the universal and unalterable laws and nature of things.

Christianity came with an epithalo to the reason and the affections; it planted itself in the holiest crevices of the human heart. It set it self against profane temples and bloody altars, with message of peace and good will, and it planted itself peacefully into all people. It said, let there be no longer a rule of might, but rather a rule of love—let the Love God supremely, and thy neighbor as thyself, was its motto. A co-worker with nature, its first miracle was to relieve want, and its second was to set a perfect example. He asked no tribute, he imposed no tax. "Come, and buy milk and wine, without money and without price," was his proclamation to the world. Humble and poor, he took on his mission, bearing neither scrip nor purse. Plenty followed his footsteps, and blessings were in his hands. To the hungry he gave bread, to the thirsty drink, to the lame strength, to the blind sight, to the dead life, and all men the word of revelation.

If we show him apart from the Divine; if we cast by the supernatural—still he stands before and above the heathen and philosophers. If we deny him all but manhood, he is still one of the best handled. His maxims we can neither add to nor subtract from. They are of a spirit and style beautiful and less selfish than man has conceived. Philosophy, in rejecting the Testament of Christ, has over shoken and appropriated its spirit.

Simply as the basis of economic society and government, Christianity far excels every other code delivered in the world. The democracy of Plato, compared with it, is as a dream to a reality—and as Christianity has its defiance—if defiance it need—in the fulness and simplicity with which it appeals to and satisfies the humblest and most exalted mind. It rests on propositions accepted by every man's nature and reason. It is the religion for the rich, in that it makes them richer; it is the religion for the poor, in that it makes them rich in faith and hope. It is in agreement with the lessons of the mountains and valley; the sun, moon, and stars; the fruits, flowers, and song-voices of the earth; for, like them, it says God is the Father of us all, ever loving and true, and His mercy endureth for ever.

AN ANONYMOUS LANDER.

Many articles are received in the editors' excogitation, when they never coming forgive me them of course, for praises and their general disappointment, and they are the lowest and the gaming table.—Exchange.

The above-quoted paragraph is travelling the round of the newspapers in the shape of various paths the author being unknown. And lucky for him it is that he is unknown, as the public execration he would be visited upon his head in connection with broomsticks and nap-baskets. It is a shame that the country should be cursed with the dreary nonsense the shortcomings of wicked men. The truth is, in a large majority of domestic difficulties the wives hands are to blame. After marriage men are too apt to grow indifferent as to the manner they please their wives or not—whether they are happy or unhappy—whether home is the most pleasant or most treadmill. When the glow of courtship is upon a young man he would be unwilling to go to a party or to a place of amusement where his wife could not accompany him; but, after marriage, too many husbands seek their pleasure abroad while the wife is nursing the children or sitting lonely at home. If husbands behave themselves as married people should, and wives as they ought, there would be no trouble in this world. Let husbands remember that they promised to reap the natural and inevitable consequences thereof. We begin in the wives.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

As a general thing the extravagant ideas are entertained concerning the wealth of this celebrated family. It has been stated that they are worth seven hundred millions of dollars in stocks, bonds, and real estate, and several millions in real estate, making a thousand millions in all. This is a breed of such a sum as six per cent, would be sixty millions of dollars per annum, or nearly one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars a day. An English paper, however, which gives a minute account of their operations, sets down their entire wealth at forty millions of dollars, which is probably much nearer the mark. This is a great falling off from the popular idea, but even forty millions of dollars is better than nothing.

APPLICABILITIES OF SCIENCE.

Our farmers are just fairly beginning to inquire into and appreciate the benefits of applying science to the cultivation of the soil. They remind the observation at first, as constantly as they did the introduction of labor-saving machines; but interest is stronger even than prejudice, and the one consigns set by men who took up agriculture more for enjoyment than livelihood, has roused the oldest-fashioned farmers to inquiry and imitation. The adaptation of particular soils to particular products has been consulted from time immemorial, but, without scientific tests, it was more than a half guess and chance work. The farmer planted corn where he could no longer raise wheat, and, passing through the stages of grains, at length found his field capable only of bearing beans. Experience has taught him that any soil, if it will pay be kept in its native strength, and even enriched forever, and that land that has once borne wheat, may bear it always.

The plodding ploughman, who for centuries turned the furrow and planted himself as obedient to the phases of the moon, and knew nothing of chemical analysis beyond the application of wood ashes to potatoes, is now in opposition to his sires, but been surprised to find the earth only a great chemical compound, to be studied and applied into services by the strictest rules of science, so that every acre and every variety of soil is no longer necessary. What has not a little science done through improved modes of grafting, budding, and pruning! What the cost and the necessity, producing fruits of now and superior qualities! Horticulture exemplifies the full measure of science in theory and application in a still greater degree. With the labor and cost, the scientific farmer is enabled to harvest from the same double what his "old style" neighbor produces. The latter is soon forced to fallowing. By knowledge the scientific farmer produces new forms from old, and raises five, three, and four different crops from the ground, which formerly gave him but one.

The improved tools and machinery have created a new era in the history of agriculture, but the application of chemical science was a grander step. This has brought the farmer to understand his duties on scarce into scarce now as simple and beautiful as they were once mysterious and complicated. Without enlarging the boundaries of the farm-field, its products are increased and leached by scientific culture, and the country finds itself, by an easy and peaceful revolution, without further tax upon labor, increased in its means of wealth, and often one hundred per cent. The golden age is fast approaching, and it will be ushered in more by the perfection of the earth's culture. When the farmer becomes a chemist, and understands the fields as the warrior has been in doubling them, the world will have occasion to rejoice.

GREAT STATESMEN.

We hear much of great statesmen and of many of them, but, in reality, they are extremely few and thing. Such men are not every-day developments in the city of party or the country of hot—we spring into being at the breath of popular applause. There are plenty of great demagogues; plenty of men who controlled votes well, but in fact in impudent, rather than bold relief, like the counterfeit presentment of a coin, which passes for a time; but a man must be more than a successful demagogue, or a successful party leader, to merit the name, or command the fame, of a great statesman. The politician, at least, lives in his party, and it generally ends in his ability to keep position and his own ambitions and necessities with the great movements of the age. A statesman develops principles for their existence and guidance, and leaves agencies to work out the immediate memory long after he is dead. The great statesman catches at deep-seated instincts and convictions in society, and, building in accordance, he unfolds them into systems of institution and government. He is not the child of his party, but the people, making bread, and light, and fire, a path of principles and practice for them to follow.

Thomas Jefferson was a great statesman—the greatest that modern times, and perhaps all times, have produced. He was great, because he saw as a prophet and appreciated as a patriot. He took hold of the best principles and practices existing in the masses, and carrying them up to a full development, made them the basis of a system of government, and left him a monument of political and social ethics, which will not soon be exhausted or outgrown. Such a man, successfully laboring in behalf of civil and divine principles, can be traced through human institutions and government to the latest hour of human existence. He is a benefit family of man, is a great statesman—yea, a great and god-like man.

A NEW VIEW OF CRINOLINE.

Certain political economists across the water, announce that the crinoline is a positive advantage, and that this fact accounts for the remarkable and enormous increase of the consumption of France during the last five years. The theory is, that the great mass of women, being thus prevented from marrying. This is, undoubtedly, the case, in say one may understand on taking a broad view of the subject, but there is another side to the paring the cost of a superfine silk dress of modern fashion. The same prevailing fashion is answerable extravagance, that only a princely income can support it and a well-to-do husband, encourages the ladies have to forego either crinoline or children—and, of course, in many instances, crinoline carries the day. In fact, in such circumstances, crinolines have three things cost, that a lady's shirt, with all its ruffles and embroidery, formerly did—now occupy so much space that there is no room for a cotton-tail bunny in the wardrobe—consequently not to mention the babies themselves. The fashion must, of course, be maintained; but children, not being in fashion, can be dispensed with. Before long, as the dresses expand, the population shrinks; and the next age of fairy-tale writers will tell us that the wife is nursing the children or sitting lonely at home. If husbands behave themselves, as married people should, and wives as they ought, there would be no trouble in this world. Let husbands remember that they promised to reap the natural and inevitable consequences thereof. We begin in the wives.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IN THE DUMPS.

What does all see? I'm as blue as indigo. Last night I was as gay as a holy-thick—perhaps that is the rosaes. Good gracious, hear that wind howl! Now low—now high—till it fairly shrieks it curdles me. The pained cry of a human. There's my pretty California flower—blue as a lady's eyes, and as sweet. Its petals closed as the eyes were shut up, too. What does all see? I think it is that dear of a Boston paper I have been reading for want of something better to do), whose book critic calls "Jane Eyre" a "good book." Good? It is vain to hope that his life has been as pure and self-sacrificing as that of Charlotte Bronte. There's the breakfast-bell —and there's Tom with that autumn-leaf colored vest on, that I so hate. Why don't men wear pretty vests? why can't they leave off those detestable stiff collars, stocks and things, that make them all the manners in the world or the position to his neighbors, and have surprised to find the earth only a great chemical compound, to be studied and applied into services by the strictest rules of science, so that every acre and every variety of soil is no longer necessary. What has not a little science done through improved modes of grafting, budding, and pruning! What the cost and the necessity, producing fruits of now and superior qualities! Horticulture exemplifies the full measure of science in theory and application in a still greater degree. With the labor and cost, the scientific farmer is enabled to harvest from the same double what his "old style" neighbor produces. The latter is soon forced to fallowing. By knowledge the scientific farmer produces new forms from old, and raises five, three, and four different crops from the ground, which formerly gave him but one.

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A NEW VIEW OF CRINOLINE.

Certain political economists across the water, announce that the crinoline is a positive advantage, and that this fact accounts for the remarkable and enormous increase of the consumption of France during the last five years. The theory is, that the great mass of women, being thus prevented from marrying. This is, undoubtedly, the case, in say one may understand on taking a broad view of the subject, but there is another side to the paring the cost of a superfine silk dress of modern fashion. The same prevailing fashion is answerable extravagance, that only a princely income can support it and a well-to-do husband, encourages the ladies have to forego either crinoline or children—and, of course, in many instances, crinoline carries the day. In fact, in such circumstances, crinolines have three things cost, that a lady's shirt, with all its ruffles and embroidery, formerly did—now occupy so much space that there is no room for a cotton-tail bunny in the wardrobe—consequently not to mention the babies themselves. The fashion must, of course, be maintained; but children, not being in fashion, can be dispensed with. Before long, as the dresses expand, the population shrinks; and the next age of fairy-tale writers will tell us that the wife is nursing the children or sitting lonely at home. If husbands behave themselves, as married people should, and wives as they ought, there would be no trouble in this world. Let husbands remember that they promised to reap the natural and inevitable consequences thereof. We begin in the wives.

WHAT'LL THEY THINK?

Who cares what they'll think, or what they'll say, concerning ourselves, so long as we have the approval of our own reason and conscience? So long as we wrong no one, assail no just ordinance, social or other, but earnestly and honestly go on our way, about our own business, and our own taste, why should we care for folly's decision or fashion's frown? What they'll think and what they'll say, are to us as idle scarecrows, dried carcasses of conventionality, which hold in check reason and customs. We have not stepped our thoughts and acts so to garnish a standard. Let us never step across them to suit a standard. Be independent and ever did so demean itself.

And yet, how many waste their lives, and fritter away their sun-and-sunshood in the everlasting query, "What'll they think?" They can do nothing without recurring to this. They are serfs to the world around them—bond-slaves to the whims and caprices of others. They have no self-rule, no freedom of opinion or deed. "What'll they think?" arranging all their household, fashions their drawing-room, their feasts, their equipage, their garments, their amusements, their sociality, their religion, their everything! Poor, hampered souls, they never breath they draw, there is a measure of approval to them. They are unsolved problems of intellectual cachelism how to be non-led. They suffer perpetual torture. They do nothing without examples and pattern.

Society abounds in such. Men are often enough slaves to their women oftener. If one hoops, all must hoop; if one flounces, all must flounce. No matter how ugly or unbecoming a certain garment must follow the lead. "What'll they think?" It is a question that is used alone, is their strength and torment. It is a sort of social pestilium, from which they are ever struggling to escape. Independence—how few there is out of the question. We have but all desire to be independent. It's how few are independent. Look at it, dear American them. They must do just as the Priggses do. To the dogs with the Priggses and all their colleen! It is a most emasculating society, confining weak man's ideas and making weak women's minds weaker. Let us have done with the interrogatory, "What'll they think?" Let us cast it out, and bury it with the sins of a traveler's a P. S. of the heroine.

A KENTUCKY editor thinks he is to be pitied because he has a wife—a widow and seven children. Perhaps some are still more to be pitied for having been all those things themselves and married.

THE Washington Union asks whether any party can be said to exist which has no principles. Certainly it can if it sets from a wise policy, and such especially if it has no principles but that of office.

WE think that a professional fox-hunter is playing with heaven that they are of a very doubtful and unsafe character. It makes precious little difference whether the fox be male or female.

A SHREWDISH paper says that the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand that could have been suggested, too, in regard to human cutlery: that the last polish is given to a character by the hand.

TWO men, T. Pepper and P. Pepper, have been fined in Virginia City, Nevada, $100 each for a fight. Of course they will "make it up" and "shake hands," meekly replied the husband, "your money bought the right to fight, and I've got it."

A MEMBER of Congress, about to make his first speech, was overwhelmed with the difficulties of position; time hits hardly sufficient cause for the subject. Pole said he would have to "stump it" on the floor.

WE are not sure that men are likely to rise high, simply because they are of a high race. The blood root is on the ground, sure as near to Heaven as the eagle, and the lily grows in the valley.

PUBLIC men sometimes seem to have a mortal antipathy to the newspapers, and it is a pity to see that such never pretended them. It is a quality to wash with the cuts that at all hazards.

BOOK and mind are harnessed together for the journey of life. Where the one is weak, the other, perhaps, drives one faster than the other.

IF in mid that editors who have followed the sea are the most entertaining writers, it is the sea in the neighborhood of long-shoreby ink-horn.

THERE is a difference between a buffoon and a wag'n, that the one is a professional fool and the other an amateur fool.

BUFFOONS is a suffusion that is generally the least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A YOUNG man named Theodore Gane, living in Rochester, N. Y., being required a short time ago by his employer to go to the post-office, and finding that he had not prepared a stamp to put over a letter he had written, he moistened the end of the letter by sucking off his tongue-tip, and then pressed the stamp on. The consequence was that he was taken home, cutting and sewing, and in a few days died.

A young lady, Canada West, a farmer named John Arras, who was recently grubbing out stumps on his farm, went underneath one of the trees, and, in some unaccountable manner, the stump fell, and crushed him to death.

The mackerel fishers of Provincetown were the unfortunate cause of the loss of a human being on one occasion in their men, and on landing them in a large shark, which they killed, and which was found to have a man's head and arm in his stomach. The man was a Portuguese, and had been in the water a few days, before he was found.

The correspondent of a morning paper, writing from Kansas, says that every building in the city of Lawrence is occupied, and that the land so high as $100 per acre. Many of the settlers have returned for a month disinterestedly to the community in which it is located.

A Georgia paper says that a man named Hendrix, in Jackson county, made his wife cut his throat one day recently, and, twenty-two years old—because he would not permit her to do so. He was arrested, and on his struggle, he was himself slain by the accidental discharge of a pistol which the wife had in her hand at the time.

A little boy aged five and a girl two and a half years old, children of Mr. Wm. Hoffman, of Sterling in Rockland, were burning beech leaves in a creek with their mother and sister, on Saturday last, and with matches, and were burned so severely that both of them died on the following day.

A man named James Bell, residing in Ocean County, N. J., on his farm on the shore of the Bay of Japan last. It is said that he dreamed two years ago that he was to be killed by a bear, and that he has been in constant dread of the fulfilment of the dream ever since.

A woman in Sheffield, Eng., has been sentenced to death for murder of her husband by a mad dog a few days since. This is the single victim that she caused.

Miss Sarah J. Gillespie, of Connecticut, died a short time since from the bite of a common black spider.

In Patterson, N. J., two little girls were recently attacked by standing flowers from a garden.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—BY ONE OF HIS SUBORDINATE JOURNALS.

THERE are two classes of people, those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Reviewing them broadly, mind, but bearing in mind, however, that the opposites wouldn't starve, they could not live apart from each other, as if to prepare for the end. They may have reserve for their food, without it, they would be lost forever.

A PARTISAN candidate in one of the North Western States was found to express his regret at the total surrender of the opposite party to the tenets of ultraism. "Why," he said, "we have found nothing to assail, nothing to denounce in the fanatical slanders of a set of unprincipled men."

A NEW England writer, speaking of the characteristics of different races of people, says that it has been found that negroes can be better trained than whitemen can to behave properly. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

A FAST Irishman, in a time of revival, joined the church, but was found stealing grievously not long afterwards. "Didn't you join the Methodists?" enquired a really-disposed person. "Faix an' I did—I joined for six months, and behaved so well myself that I got two over."

A WESTERN judge recently complimented the people of a county over which he presided upon his having spent among them not a single indictment was brought before him. It is sincerely to be hoped that the compliment was not due to the grand jury, rather than to the people.

MANY of the Western newspapers are now advertising at our republics simply because it is now. They are a great deal more than they were a few years ago in a certain sense, but their space is when it becomes corrupt, ceases, and ends with all sense of editorial discrimination.

We have seen it stated that not less than four hundred of the British Universities graduates are connected authors in the Morning star. It has been supposed by some that they chose the profession of letters as a last resort, but this against taking human life.

The book-publishers have sometimes been compared to the old Stamford-on-Warwick, but the former stole but one set of sheets, while the latter stole the entire, whereas the latter quelled them out of the shade of their sheets.

A WESTERN editor, not noted for brilliancy, says that "Virginia can boast of more gentlemen than anything else." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that State may be considered as the land of the gentle and the brave.

MR. THOMAS PETT, a citizen of Western Texas, made a voyage to Europe recently, and on his return he appeared because he has had an ear sickness. He says is evidently a traveler's a P. S. of the heroine.

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"Say no more, if you please," indignantly exclaimed a widow, "my uncle's character is dear to me." "Oh," meekly replied the husband, "your money bought the right to fight, and I've got it."

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REMEMBERED BLISS.

BY MRS. S. PRENTISS.

Alas! alas! I did not think,
I did not know of more delight,
Than could break beneath the golden line
Of the horizon of my sight.
Yet this dwelt what time was long ago,
The heart is a mysterious thing—
A change came over thy gentle brow,
And we are but as strangers now.

Yet remembrance in my sadness revels,
And I call up thy beauty and thy truth,
And all thy unbidden outbreak of evil.

Afar from dark and lowly sin,
Thy image rose to my eye
As bright as in the happy days by
Thy sunny love, unsoiled, and free,
Stands like a specter on my ear
The vanished joys come where look
Along life's dark and arid track—
Old thoughts within thy bosom stir,
And I am still thy worshipper.

The bird that o'er my pathway flies,
The fleeting vision of a dream,
The star that fades amidst the skies,
Thus seem ever to silver beam—
Thou, thou are nowhere to my heart
Of what thou wast, of what thou art.
And I am left alone—alone,
And I am left almost—almost—
Yet still I bear with sweet delight
The sting the bird sang in her light;
The dream with all its fairy train,
Full beside the chambers of my brain;
And often when I gaze afar
Through tears where beamed the vanished star,
It seems again to burn on high,
The glory of my desolate sky.
And on its beauty dish I muse
The vanished Image of thy face,
And kneel to worship as when first
Its fellow light upon me burst.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

(For the benefit of our new readers who have not read the preceding chapters of this romance, we will state that it is under that head we understand it, that the two brothers, Dr. Melville, who was betrothed to Lord Montrevore, on the morning of the marriage day, had vanished, to his horror, the fact that, when a girl of fifteen, at school in Paris, she had been entrapped into a secret marriage with Victoire L'Orient, the son of her preceptress, who shamefully ill-treated and robbed her; that this marriage was afterwards transported to Algeria for a crime, while she was ill and delirious of a wife raging fever, an accomplice of which she was informed of the fate of her husband, and also that she had given birth to a child; that Lord Montrevore had left the performance of her public duties to a secret friend, whose duplicate she learned was Victoire L'Orient, and who had made a report to her Grace that a French ship, *Le Roi d'Algier*, had been wrecked, and that among the lost passengers was Victoire L'Orient, who had escaped on the mainmast and was returning home. To her great joy, Lord Montrevore made no word of reproach at all this, but simply sympathized with her in everything. They were married in great social splendor, but on Lord Montrevore and his bride from the church to his carriage, who was arrested on the charge of abducting Victoire L'Orient's child, whom, when a baby, he had stolen, his object for unspeakable terror and cruelty, now appeared as a witness against him, and testified, also, fiend with falsehood and implacable revenge. As awful scene follows. Estelle's father, Sir Parke Melville, a haughty and heartless baron, dies for the first time hearing of his daughter's youthful folly, casts her off forever, and accepts for wife to do the same. All her rich and noble friends desert her. But her new husband, who loves her with inexpressible tenderness and devotion, engages by her, and his friends, with the offending bishop and clergyman, do the deed. Estelle, in her bereavement at her new child's death, takes it to be a punishment and committed for trial, for her crime. Child is born, and Estelle is tried for her life. She is cleared off, and she is acquitted by a unanimous verdict, saving all (not legally) the wife of Victoire L'Orient, she receives a letter from Lord Montrevore written on the same sheet of paper that bore Sir. Mr. Clifford tries to persuade her to a divorce, but at the close of the letter, which is addressed to her faithful maid Susan Gaywood, she flies to London, and throws herself into the arms of Lord Montrevore. Lord Montrevore hastens to London hotel that she had her drafts drawn on a Baltimore banking house, and judges that she had therefore sailed for that city. He at once makes preparations for him, and soon embarks for that city. Estelle, however, has not sailed for that city, but was passed by the ship Hermione, Lord Montrevore's vessel, and on whose deck Lord Montrevore beholds Victoire L'Orient. Arrives in Charleston, and, not finding Estelle there, he also carry is wrecked. Lord Montrevore thinks he sees Victoire L'Orient and is near to once again. He is now passenger of the Mercury and clings to a floating spar, and into his lordship gallantly rescues all the hands of the ship. Estelle, during his his strength succeeded, the rescued stranger began to tell Lord Montrevore the story of his wrongs. Just just as he comes to the account of the death of Madame L'Orient Victoire's accomplice, he is overcome by his weakness, and expires. This is the situation of affairs at the commencement of the following chapter.—Ed. LEDGER.)

CHAPTER X.

RECOGNITION OF THE DEAD BODY.

And Lara stood up not where
Before the dead man kneeling;
Nor where his eyes could read the scroll
Within the dead man's revealing.
But where his unseen form could watch
The varied mood of the mourner.

Deeply shocked as he was, Lord Montrevore bent earnestly forward to listen for something further.

But Mr. Leverley, apparently overcome with the thought of the scenes through which he had just passed, ceased for his story for a few moments, and continued silent.

The death that troubled Lord Montrevore remained unsolved. For all that he could gather from Mr. Leverley's conversation, Victoire L'Orient might have been lost in the ship, or saved in the boat—supposing that the latter had lived to reach the shore, and that Victoire had intercepted the letter in the ship, where she finally perished, was no sure sign that Victoire had not deserted her there, as he surely might have done had she persisted in remaining within his despair.

Soon to depart.

Finally, unwilling to disturb Mr. Leverley with questions upon this painful subject, conscious also perhaps of having too deep an interest in the fate of Monsieur L'Orient, Lord Montrevore bade his new acquaintance good day, and, leaving him to repose, went up on deck.

The storm had spent its fury. The wind and waves, as if they had accomplished the object for which they arose, had now subsided.

The night was a beautiful one. The captain, mate and crew were all busily engaged. One party, under the direction of the captain, were preparing to get under sail. Another set, at the orders of the mate, were letting down the boats.

The second mate forward, having his eyes at the mast bank that, strewn with seaweed, shells and fragments of the wreck, were just visible faintly from the retiring waves.

Lord Montrevore came up to the side of the ship, who immediately lowered his glass and said—

"We are making ready to get under sail, my lord! But first I shall send the boats to the sand bank to bring off that body, which has been cast ashore there, and give it Christian burial, at least, if it be only in the depths of the sea! By the general appearance, I think it is the body of that man that beat the other one off the plank and drowned himself in the sea. There! you can see for yourself, my lord." And the captain placed the glass in the hands of his passenger.

Lord Montrevore raised the instrument and took sight at the sand bank.

Yes! there, thrown up by the waves, partially buried in the sand, and digitally covered with seaweed, lay the dead body of a man! Various fragments of the wrecked ship, and covered with the cargo—spars, yards, planks, barrels, casks and strong boxes, more or less broken and shaved open, were scattered about. From these various objects Lord Montrevore turned his glass once more upon the dead body. It certainly did bear some resemblance to the man who had struck his companion from the plank, and perished in the deed; but beyond this Lord Montrevore could not form any conclusive opinion in regard to it. With a sigh he drops the telescope.

Two boats were now lowered, manned, and pushed off from the ship.

Lord Montrevore watched their course with his naked eye until they reached the scene of the wreck; then he once more raised the telescope to his eye, and closely their operations on the sand bar.

The men in the small boat landed first, and reverently raised the corpse, and carried it on board their boat, where they covered it with a sail cloth; then they returned to the sands and joined the men from the large boat, who were busily engaged in the search of the wreck, selecting such casks, barrels and boxes as had received the least injury, and were the most worthy of preservation. When this was done and the second boat was laden, the men embarked again and rowed back to the Queen Charlotte.

The large boat with the rescued relics of the wreck reached the brig first, and was unladen before the small boat, propelled slowly with measured strokes, in honor of the dead she bore, arrived.

The "KING OF THE ISLANDS" RECEPTION OF MADAME L'ORIENT AND "HER PRINCESS."

CHAPTER XI.

HER MAJESTY THE KING OF THE ISLES.

"A merry madman this!"
"Thereby hangs a tale to madness; yet
There's method in't!" SHAKESPEARE.

While Lord Montrevore pursues his search for Estelle, we must take up the fortunes of some other persons who are concerned in our narrative. For first a brief review of Victoire L'Orient's course seems necessary to the reader's better understanding of what follows.—

He lived for heaven scorned to succeed,
Whose fame was insane, or time impulse only,
But splendid purpose.

writes the lamented Thomas Hood.

It would certainly be difficult to explain sufficiently the motives of the course of conduct pursued by Victoire L'Orient towards the hapless lady whose evil fortune had placed her power, if not her destiny, in his power. One would have naturally supposed that, being released from his penal life, he would have proceeded directly to England, and, while her hand was yet free, would have openly demanded possession of the woman whom he claimed as his wife. Why he did not do so—why, on the contrary, he chose to wait for the hour when she should become her hand on another, to humble her before the whole world, is the unexplained problem. Of course every theory of his motives must be mere conjecture.

Judging, however, from what we have already seen of his character and how keenly sensitive it was, it is neither unreasonable nor uncharitable, to suppose the following to have been the case:

Lord Montrevore, a Peer of England, of supposed moral and intellectual nature, usually feels a strong compunction to a woman who is brought into contact and relishing comparisons with himself, especially when that woman is his own wife. Such reflections should of right be in all respects his inferior and subordinate. Very soon must Monsieur Victoire have discovered in the moral and intellectual excellence of the young creature whom he had entrapped into marriage the only thing capable of character between himself and her. The alone was wanting. He have gained a spirit equal to his own. And when we remember that in addition to this, Estelle inevitably detected his utter worthlessness, and that, notwithstanding her own rashness and forlornness, she must unavoidably, sometimes, by every unthinkness and impressiveness of her character, have revealed the low calculation in which she held him, we need not feel any disposition of surprise that his selfish passion for her was largely alloyed with hate, and that his desire to possess, was equalled by his desire to humble her.

With these feelings and purposes, having been unbalanced, or having served out his time in the galleys, he embarked in the "DEE D'ARGOS" for France. Picked up by an American corvette after the wreck of that vessel, he had been re-conveyed to the Barbary States. Escaping thence, he once more returned to France.

He came to England to claim the hand of Estelle, and, failing to obtain it, to extort money from her parents as the price of silence and absence.

But on getting to Exeter, and hearing of her approaching nuptials with the Viscount Montrevore, and being ignorant of the good and sufficient reasons which induced the supposed dying lady to be deceased, all the most malignant passions of his heart were established, and all the most consuming families of his mind were employed to enable him to wreak his vengeance in a manner that should at the same time punish Estelle and profit himself.

Feeling no doubt of the legality of that rite by which he supposed he had secured the person and fortune, yet fearing, nevertheless, that in the event of Estelle's claiming her hand, her father would interfere, and, by means of his vast wealth and influence, contrive to invalidate, or to prevent, a marriage break the bond that united them, he, with a demon's art, resolved to reserve himself to conceal the fact of his existence for awhile, to allow the unconscious of his presence in the country—to go to the altar, and then, armed with a warrant for her arrest, spring a trap upon her.

Not that he intended she should suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but that he wished to degrade her in the eyes of the whole world, so that even her haughty parents should be willing, as their only resort, to resign her, with her fortune, to his possession. To accomplish this end, it had been his purpose, after the interruption of the nuptials by the arrest of the bride, to have had an explanation, and come to a compromise with Estelle's family, and in the event of their closing with his terms, to have withdrawn his witnesses, and let the trial before the Judge of the Assizes, there should be no evidence against her, who, being then free, though valued, would fall to his undisputed possession.

Fortunately for Estelle, her advocate, Lord Denbeigh, at once detected the policy of the prosecuting party. And the manner in which the challenge was met and the defense conducted at the preliminary investigation, disabused Monsieur Victoire of the false hope of obtaining possession of Estelle, and at the same time aroused all the vindictive passions of his heart, that had slumbered into a sullen silence under the intense extent of the law.

Upon the occasion of the trial before the Assizes the charge of the Judges to the jury—in which his lordship distinctly declined to pronounce upon the validity of the alleged first marriage, declaring that to be a matter for the adjudication of the spiritual courts—had again, however, unfortunately, revived his hopes.

At the conclusion of the trial, he determined to keep trace of Estelle, and to file a petition to be heard upon his claim, before the Court of Arches.

He soon discovered the flight of Estelle to London, and subsequently her embarkation for Baltimore.

In pursuit of her he took passage on the Mercury bound for the same port.

But Monsieur Victoire had still another motive, (which shall be revealed,) for his voyage to America.

The most debased and unfortunate of wretches possibly have some friendly tie, some love, or by whom they are believed. And this miserable Victoire had his mother, who doted on him, and a fellow-voyager upon whom he doted. The name of the last mentioned was Julius Lemmere. He knew he had first become acquainted with this young man as it is not necessary now to relate. It is sufficient to say that he had known him intimately for some two years.

From the moment of Victoire L'Orient's embarkation on board the Mercury, his spirits had suffered a reaction into gloom and apathy to which those of his volatile nature are frequently subject. And this despondency increased with every league of the voyage, until, when they had entered the Atlantic ocean, it amounted to absolute despair. He passed much of the day in leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, gazing gloomily into the sea, and sometimes muttering to himself—

"I shall never see Estelle! I shall never see Estelle!"

One afternoon he was thus standing in the stern of the vessel with his elbow resting on the taffrail, his chin leaning upon his hand, and his eyes fixed intently upon the foaming sea in the wake of the vessel, when he was startled out of his trance by his side, touched his elbow, and said, cheerily,—

"Come, come, shipmate! Do you think we are never going to get on? Or is the present tedious complainers of your eyelids to take the soundings?

Victoire started, gazing at the

"*Mon frondeur,*" answered the Frenchman, laughing.

"Those things must not be thought on after these ways! no, it will make us mad," as the smoker-hearted Lord Byron says.

"*Mon ami Dieu!* I shall never see Estelle! I shall never see Estelle!"

"Consider it not so deeply? I think you have everything to hope! You must not judge her by circumstances by the action of her cousin!" Reflect! she has fled from Lord Montrevore, not from you! Is it not the case? Have you not told me so?"

Estelle, my dearest of a wife, that I speak!" exclaimed Victoire, springing into sudden joy.

"Of whom then? Estelle—Estelle—I never heard the name. Has Monsieur Victoire perhaps consoled himself for the absence of Madame L'Orient?" inquired Lemmere, laughing.

"Ah! no, no," replied the Frenchman, in the same mournful tone.—"I speak of my child—my child, Lemmere! Have you forgotten?"

"Your child!" exclaimed Lemmere in astonishment.

"Yes, my friend! Mon Dieu. Yes, my daughter! my dear Estelle!"

"But you never told me you had a child!"

"But yes, mon Dieu! I have! I did from all! I have told Lord Montrevore, of supposed moral and intellectual nature, usually feels a strong compunction to a woman who is brought into contact and relishing comparisons with himself, especially when that woman is his own wife. Such reflections should of right be in all respects his inferior and subordinate. Very soon must Monsieur Victoire have discovered in the moral and intellectual excellence of the young creature whom he had entrapped into marriage the only thing capable of character between himself and her. The alone was wanting. He have gained a spirit equal to his own. And when we remember that in addition to this, Estelle inevitably detected his utter worthlessness, and that, notwithstanding her own rashness and forlornness, she must unavoidably, sometimes, by every unthinkness and impressiveness of her character, have revealed the low calculation in which she held him, we need not feel any disposition of surprise that his selfish passion for her was largely alloyed with hate, and that his desire to possess, was equalled by his desire to humble her.

With these feelings and purposes, having been unbalanced, or having served out his time in the galleys, he embarked in the "DEE D'ARGOS" for France. Picked up by an American corvette after the wreck of that vessel, he had been re-conveyed to the Barbary States. Escaping thence, he once more returned to France.

He came to England to claim the hand of Estelle, and, failing to obtain it, to extort money from her parents as the price of silence and absence.

But on getting to Exeter, and hearing of her approaching nuptials with the Viscount Montrevore, and being ignorant of the good and sufficient reasons which induced the supposed dying lady to be deceased, all the most malignant passions of his heart were established, and all the most consuming families of his mind were employed to enable him to wreak his vengeance in a manner that should at the same time punish Estelle and profit himself.

Feeling no doubt of the legality of that rite by which he supposed he had secured the person and fortune, yet fearing, nevertheless, that in the event of Estelle's claiming her hand, her father would interfere, and, by means of his vast wealth and influence, contrive to invalidate, or to prevent a marriage break the bond that united them, he, with a demon's art, resolved to reserve himself to conceal the fact of his existence for awhile, to allow her unconscious of his presence in the country—to go to the altar, and then, armed with a warrant for her arrest, spring a trap upon her.

Not that he intended she should suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but that he wished to degrade her in the eyes of the whole world, so that even her haughty parents should be willing, as their only resort, to resign her, with her fortune, to his possession. To accomplish this end, it had been his purpose, after the interruption of the nuptials by the arrest of the bride, to have had an explanation, and come to a compromise with Estelle's family, and in the event of their closing with his terms, to have withdrawn his witnesses, and let the trial before the Judge of the Assizes, there should be no evidence against her, who, being then free, though valued, would fall to his undisputed possession.

Fortunately for Estelle, her advocate, Lord Denbeigh, at once detected the policy of the prosecuting party. And the manner in which the challenge was met and the defense conducted at the preliminary investigation, disabused Monsieur Victoire of the false hope of obtaining possession of Estelle, and at the same time aroused all the vindictive passions of his heart, that had slumbered into a sullen silence under the intense extent of the law.

Upon the occasion of the trial before the Assizes the charge of the Judges to the jury—in which his lordship distinctly declined to pronounce upon the validity of the alleged first marriage, declaring that to be a matter for the adjudication of the spiritual courts—had again, however, unfortunately, revived his hopes.

At the conclusion of the trial, he determined to keep trace of Estelle, and to file a petition to be heard upon his claim, before the Court of Arches.

He soon discovered the flight of Estelle to London, and subsequently her embarkation for Baltimore.

In pursuit of her he took passage on the Mercury bound for the same port.

But Monsieur Victoire had still another motive, (which shall be revealed,) for his voyage to America.

The most debased and unfortunate of wretches possibly have some friendly tie, some love, or by whom they are believed. And this miserable Victoire had his mother, who doted on him, and a fellow-voyager upon whom he doted. The name of the last mentioned was Julius Lemmere. He knew he had first become acquainted with this young man as it is not necessary now to relate. It is sufficient to say that he had known him intimately for some two years.

From the moment of Victoire L'Orient's embarkation on board the Mercury, his spirits had suffered a reaction into gloom and apathy to which those of his volatile nature are frequently subject. And this despondency increased with every league of the voyage, until, when they had entered the Atlantic ocean, it amounted to absolute despair. He passed much of the day in leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, gazing gloomily into the sea, and sometimes muttering to himself—

"I shall never see Estelle! I shall never see Estelle!"

One afternoon he was thus standing in the stern of the vessel with his elbow resting on the taffrail, his chin leaning upon his hand, and his eyes fixed intently upon the foaming sea in the wake of the vessel, when he was startled out of his trance by his side, touched his elbow, and said, cheerily,—

"Come, come, shipmate! Do you think we are never going to get on? Or is the present tedious complainers of your eyelids to take the soundings?

Victoire started, gazing at the

"*Mon frondeur,*" answered the Frenchman, laughing.

"Those things must not be thought on after these ways! no, it will make us mad," as the smoker-hearted Lord Byron says.

"*Mon ami Dieu!* I shall never see Estelle! I shall never see Estelle!"

"Consider it not so deeply? I think you have everything to hope! You must not judge her by circumstances by the action of her cousin!" Reflect! she has fled from Lord Montrevore, not from you! Is it not the case? Have you not told me so?"

Estelle, my dearest of a wife, that I speak!" exclaimed Victoire, springing into sudden joy.

"Of whom then? Estelle—Estelle—I never heard the name. Has Monsieur Victoire perhaps consoled himself for the absence of Madame L'Orient?" inquired Lemmere, laughing.

"Ah! no, no," replied the Frenchman, in the same mournful tone.—"I speak of my child—my child, Lemmere! Have you forgotten?"

"Your child!" exclaimed Lemmere in astonishment.

"Yes, my friend! Mon Dieu. Yes, my daughter! my dear Estelle!"

"But you never told me you had a child!"

"But yes, mon Dieu! I have! I did from all! I have told Lord Montrevore, of supposed moral and intellectual nature, usually feels a strong compunction to a woman who is brought into contact and relishing comparisons with himself, especially when that woman is his own wife. Such reflections should of right be in all respects his inferior and subordinate. Very soon must Monsieur Victoire have discovered in the moral and intellectual excellence of the young creature whom he had entrapped into marriage the only thing capable of character between himself and her. The alone was wanting. He have gained a spirit equal to his own. And when we remember that in addition to this, Estelle inevitably detected his utter worthlessness, and that, notwithstanding her own rashness and forlornness, she must unavoidably, sometimes, by every unthinkness and impressiveness of her character, have revealed the low calculation in which she held him, we need not feel any disposition of surprise that his selfish passion for her was largely alloyed with hate, and that his desire to possess, was equalled by his desire to humble her.

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Feeling no doubt of the legality of that rite by which he supposed he had secured the person and fortune, yet fearing, nevertheless, that in the event of Estelle's claiming her hand, her father would interfere, and, by means of his vast wealth and influence, contrive to invalidate, or to prevent a marriage break the bond that united them, he, with a demon's art, resolved to reserve himself to conceal the fact of his existence for awhile, to allow her unconscious of his presence in the country—to go to the altar, and then, armed with a warrant for her arrest, spring a trap upon her.

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* *My grave*

pened to be the sole heiress, a husband was found for her among the males of the same.

The American branch of the house, were called the *émigration* L'Orient *de l'Ile* (or of the Island). But this term in the course of time became a second surname, or a sort of title, so that the sons or of the Island was always called Monsieur L'Orient De L'Ile. And any Negress L'Orient who married a sole heiress of the Island became in her right Madame Monsieur L'Orient De L'Ile—though by his American neighbors of the coast, he was called simply Mr. De L'Ile.

We all know that ourselves intermarriages are not favorable to any race. Hence it is not surprising that the family of L'Orient De L'Ile gradually died out. And the last Island descendant, Monsieur Hubert De L'Ile, who succeeded his first cousin had neither son nor daughter to succeed him.

The European branch of the house that had remained in France, and married into other families, continued, on the contrary to be a handsome and vigorous race.

And of such was the father of Monsieur Victoire Duval.

But Monsieur Victoire had, as he says, an uncle, the elder brother of his father. This uncle, Monsieur Henri L'Orient, was socially a bachelor and an oddity; and politically a wealthy rich Republican. He had one great passion, and that was for—Alcohol: or perhaps I should say for Rum. He lived in Martinique, on the Island in the Chesapeake, to which he was born by preemption. During the lifetime of Monsieur and Madame Hubert De L'Ile, he made divers voyages to the Chesapeake, and spent many months on the Island. His love of the liquor was sometimes his praise of it extravagant, his complements to the proprietors so sincere as they were overwhelming.

"You are like a king and crown here! you are in your house demain! You are kingdom is only bounded by the Infinite sea!"

Thus he became a great favorite with the childless old people, who would laughingly reply—

"Ah well! If it is so, it is only as a king and queen, then you are the prime and the heir of the kingdom."

And at their death they left a will bequeathing the Island to Monsieur Henri L'Orient, and in case the latter should die without children, to Monsieur Victoire L'Orient and his heirs forever.

Monsieur Henri L'Orient was sixty years old when he "came to his kingdom." It was not likely that he would take a wife and become the father of sons and daughters at his age. He had invited his younger brother, with his family, to accompany him to their splendid home. But Madame the sister-in-law, who was at that time young, pretty, fashionable and extravagant, rejected the seas of Paris to the loveliest Island in the world. And so Monsieur Hubert took leave of his relations, and started alone for his "kingdom."

And years passed during which the old man was too much attached to his Island, and Martinique in Paris too much divested to pleasure, to permit an exchange of visits.

But three years after the separation, Madame was a widow without youth, beauty or riches. And her good brother-in-law still remembered that he should come and bring her son and take up her residence with him.

But oh, horror! Madame could not think of such a thing! She infinitely preferred to trust to her own resources in Paris, than to go and live to the Island in the Sea."

And with the help of friends Madame opened her Pensionnat des Demoiselles.

Five more years passed and old Monsieur Henri grew older in the solitude of his insular "kingdom." And, whether it was the effect of his strange and lonely life, the approach of extreme old age, or the inheritance of his Alcohol, Rum-brain, or all these causes combined, I know not, but the mind of the old man had become unhinged, as one subject, his great passion became a monomania, "mais, les gens grow earned, his ennemies" the Island appeared the necessity of a kingdom, and his kin, to his succession and nephew were signed—who, right Hubert would of course that "a real monarch re, would have used—

"Hoist, or cause, Kin, or yer Jaws!"

For as he reasoned, "a grow he imagined that his sovereign away extend, over all the Islands of the Sea. At first as he talked of this and other digs of the writer's mon, of alienation, his sister-in-law deemed this signature, a delusion of the brain, and said to him, as she would, "et it might pleasantry or talent in the man, but you have been; but when better after lets, "and gravely dwelt in his memory, and then, a while, he expressed his great anxiety to see her son, "the Prince," his nephew—Madame's eyes sparkled!

"The unfortunate old beast is mad!" she said "—we must look after him!"

But just as Madame came to this conclusion her own useful family affairs claimed her exclusive attention. Her son Monsieur Victoire was on trial for treason; Victoire's husband was the baby of her own that must be consoled; her "pensionnat" was broken up; her character was impeached; and finally the necessity of a change of residence was for all these reasons imperative. She only waited the result of her son's trial, and when he was condemned to Algiers, she gathered together the wreck of her property, and with her whole into cash, took her sisters grand child, whom she chose, for private reasons of her own, to represent for the present, the nephew of the Isle, and went down to Dijon. Thence she wrote to her brother-in-law, "of the Island King of the Isles," that her son, the "Prince," his nephew had experienced unheard of misfortunes, and was now destitute of all the resources of his family, and she therefore to his office, the Bourbons; and that he was not banished to Algeria. But that his "Highness" had left of exile, an island that was an equal to beauty; and—that should she do with this child?

"Good Heaven! that old monarch is very mad! I hope he is not dangerous! Very well! if he should be, his negro slaves are strong enough to bind him and command him. I shall have a much better right to command that I, when I go there!" said Madame, who being a woman as well as a courageous woman, immediately wrote to the "Island King" saying that she should quickly follow her letter, and have the honor of presenting the "Prince" at the court of His Majesty. And so in the course of a few weeks Madame, having to charge the yearling child, embarked on board the "Diligent" bound from Havre to Baltimore, engaging the captain to put her on shore at L'Orient, or Bad Island.

It was after a prosperous voyage of ten months, and upon a most beautiful morning in May, that Madame was early aroused from her berth to get ready to go on shore. Upon arousing she could be guided in making her toilet, so in twenty minutes from the opening of her eyes she stood upon the deck, looking out for the long-talked of, the beloved, the beauteous Island.

There it lay before her, in its more than ideal loveliness! There it lay like an emerald on the bosom of the Sea! A beautiful emerald, clear and dimpled with hill and valley, veined with limpid streams, studded with grey and mossy rocks, dashed with tall groves, and environed by the blue waters that lisped and rippled in the morning sun like a living sea of liquid sapphires! There was a vivid and delicious freshness of hue in the luxuriant vegetation of the Isle, as possible as it was delightful. Far in the interior, from amidst the dense beauty of the forest, arose the small, but white chimneys of the Island mansion. Scattered about in picturesque groups were the white cottages of the negro servants. Down on the beach was a white boat-house, built in the shape of a Chinese pagoda.

Madame gazed in a sort of enthusiasm upon the beautiful scene.

"It is a magnificent place, after all! My faith! there cannot be L'Isle did not show it. As for me, I shall take that old madman in hand! I shall assume the direction of affairs. I shall introduce a new order of things. I shall form the acquaintance of the gentry on the main land. I shall give fine and dances! My Heaven! I must amuse myself, or else I shall die of grief for poor Victoire, or grief for my sister, Madame Duval of the Isles! And as but Victoire will come back; or at least my little Elodie will grow up; and by the by, it is time to write to her! I shall have this child as a pageant to accompany!" soliloquized Madame.

And she had scarcely had time then to lay out her future plans the Island, when the vessel cast the starboard gangway, and her trunks were lowered into it.

"The boat awaits the pleasure of Madame," said the captain, offering himself to assist her in descending the gangway, which was quite high, as the boats was pushed up and moored.

But speed there stood a most interesting group—namely, "His Majesty the King of the Isles" and his suite, consisting of one negro boy, or words, Monsieur Henri De L'Ile and a half dozen of his negro men.

Madame paused in a sort of consternation—she had expected to find a very aged, decrepit, dirty-looking madman. But this was a fine, tall, well-proportioned white, and ascended by three steps.

From the top of his head to his feet, which, in length, dashed by beautiful trees, led up through fields and pleasure-grounds, towards the house. All this madman now at a glance, which the vessel

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ERNEST AND EUSTACE.

BY MRS. M. BRYAN.

One had dirk beauty like some bige-eyed girl's,
And over his half aspect
With moonlight in his eyes and on his curls,
The other wore the beard.

The fair boy's mind was like a dreamy haze
Of summer heat, half light and half shade;
But all, dark boy! in his restless gaze
There were the seeds of fire.

Each had a form and face of faultless mold—
But chance choose each his part—
A wondering out, and shadowy and cold:
The did their business wear.

One loved the grandeur of the whirlwind's rush,
And the pine forest's gloom;
And ran the starlight and the sunset's blush,
And the young rose's bloom.

True to their natures, one climbed splendid heights,
And heard wild winds and the loud thunder roll,
And learned the storms of many blackened nights,
He saw their lightnings fall.

And studied his dark beauty with a wrench
That burned his lonely brow;
The other chose a quiet home beneath
The myrtle tree's green bough.

The daring wanderer on the steeps of fame
Grew weary in his pride,
Turned from the echo of his worshiped name,
And cursed his power and God!

The peaceful dreamer in the value of love,
Loved in the light of smiles;
And, with a murmured blessing, passed above
To rest in starry isles.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

BY DR. S. P. BROOKS.

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

Leon remembered Paul's sorrowful air, and his hope in the afternoon; the glance that was upon his brow, the tears that were in his eye, the melancholy that had been upon him for many days: but he could go no further, for the boy had declined to tell his cause, and without a clue to guide him, the young man was like one at sea. But he knew now what laborer were those of which he had hinted, that they were the pensive adieu of a consuming grief, and that he had looked upon his favorite for the last time.

And his tears fell fast and hot, and the silence around him grew more and more oppressive, until the lamp to throw out feebler rays.

And while he thought and wept, there fell upon his ear a sound as of a pitying sigh; and looking up he saw Sisting post, between him and the light, a something he knew not what, but something it butterly ringing itself away between him and the sun. It was but for a moment—the thing passed for the eye to rest upon it, and—it was gone.

And then a trembling seemed to knock at his heart and to tell him that his sobs and tears were vain—that the boy was dead, but safe, and had found rest from the cruelty of this world and better land.

And his tears ceased, and diverting him for bed, he lay down and dreamed that he had gone on in years to the shore of old age—that love and riches and honors had been his all the way; but that life would have been happier, love sweeter, riches sorrow, and honors brought more joy, had fortune but spared to him his poor country boy.

But sorrow, though it smite heavily, is at sometimes will; may shake the heart and does not often kill. In Leon's case, the widow's wit, the widow's beauty, and the widow's smiles, were restored him, if not to perfect, at least to tranquil happiness. The excitement of court life, too, tended to multiple his gold and, as thanks to his fee in the brigand's cave, his commanding presence, his chivalrous bearing, his valor, and his relationship to the Count de Vega, whom the king, the queen, and the entire nobility opposed openly and anxious to conciliate, he was high in favor at the palace, he was not strange, all things considered, his youth among the rest, that his suit seldom sought away by disgrace.

Four weeks after the disappearance of Paul, he had the beautiful widow to the altar. The king, at the queen's suggestion, played the father, gave her and gave away the bride. The church of the Visitation was thronged by the nobility and the beauties of the metropolis to witness the ceremony, which was performed amid the booming of cannon and such other demonstrations of rejoicing as the royal Charles knew so well how to get up for those whom he wished to honor.

The priest, having pronounced the pair one, dismissed them to their honey-moon, which, at the bride's suggestion, it was concluded should be spent at the lady's house in Toledo.

Horses were in readiness, and the bridal party at once set out.

As they crossed the bridge dividing the city, to strike into the mountains, their attention was arrested by a body floating on the water, and gliding with the tide on its way out to sea.

It was that of the country lad, which the contemptible Count Rodrigo had caused to be thrown in place in the river's bed and raised to the surface.

Leon recognized the face, and shuddered. He would have stopped, but for fear of wounding the feelings of his bride. As it was, he rode forward to a sideroom, and calling his attendant to the cross, dropped a purse into his hand, and bade him rescue it that Christian's body. This done, he returned to his party, which shortly after disappeared in the pass to the mountains.

But the bride, though without permitting it to appear, had also recognized the body. And she remembered her friends to the Visigoths.

"True love stands not in the way of the happiness of the object of its affection," she says. Yet, added the lady to herself, "love's was true love indeed. Poor girl!"

And smiling at a merry jest from the groomsmen, she dropped a tear in her heart to the memory of her favorite.

She never told her husband the story of her rival; and Leon never suspected that Paul was any other than an artless country lad. To have revealed to him the truth, would have been no good; while delicate consideration for a virtuous maiden's fame suggested the propriety of silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

Great was the consternation and amazement in the kitchen on learning from the courier sent forward to announce the coming, and to order preparations for the reception of the bridal party, the name of the honored bridegroom.

Cook could not believe it: butler was grave and red; porter uneasy and pale; chambermaid in a squander; housedress doubtful. They remembered their instructions against the young man, and already felt their wages in their hands; and were uneasily wandering with restful faces in search of a new place. Gardener and general waiting-maid alone were free from fear. The trembling culprits were the first shock of the intelligence had passed away, made herculean efforts to persuade themselves and each other that they had never uttered a word for which, in case of recognition by any of their number, they could be called to account.

Butler was the first to speak up for himself.

"I am glad of this," he observed. "I have always entertained the highest respect for that young man. I always thought him above his station. It could be easily seen that he was of better blood than one would look for in a mere peasant. I knew that he would turn out to be a great man, in time; and I always said that if the truth was known, he would be entitled to a high place."

"Meaning Barnaby," said gardener, with a significant gesture, expressive of putting a rope around somebody's neck, and lifting him up and letting him fall.

"No such thing, sir," returned butler, very red with virtuous indignation. "I deny the charge and imputation. How dare you, sir, slander an honest man in this way? You are a disgraceful person, sir!"

Gardener shrugged his shoulders with a dry laugh.

"So he is," said cook. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to say so!"

Gardener laughed again.

"I for my part," said porter, "can bear witness to the very respectful manner with which my noble friend, the butler, has always spoken of our Leon, whom he has always made it a point to treat with the most careful consideration. I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he has been guilty of my noble friend against that worthy gentleman. I am sure that no one in this company will believe the truth, will say that he or she ever heard him make use of a reproachful word. Will any one?"

Gardener shrugged his shoulders with a dry laugh.

"Now, sir," exclaimed butler, snapping his thumb in mingled indignation and triumph, at gardener.

"Quite right!" said cook, standing up for butler.

Gardener contemptuously shrugged his shoulders.

"I would not be egotistical," continued the porter, modestly brushing up his hair, "but I think I can safely claim to have been on the best of terms with our young master. Many a time and oft have I heard our sister a word in disparagement of the boy, when I, for one, whom I have ever regarded as sentiments of the most exalted esteem. My honored friend, the butler, who has always been kind to private views, will, I am sure, bear me out in this?"

"With pleasure, sir!" said butler, warmly proving his hand. "You are an honest man, and worthy of the confidence of honest men, sir."

"And so will I," cried cook, looking defiance at gardener.

"And I," said laundress, who was engaged in the kitchen at the time, and who had been called by porter a long time, and have never yet seen in him aught unbecoming to a gentleman. I have noticed that he is honest and truthful in all things, but especially in what is due to others. He would no more say an unworthy word than an unworthy act, than put his hand in the fire. But of all men I have seen in the house, he would be the most slow to agitate. I have often heard him speak of him, and always in terms of the very highest respect. As for me, cook knows, and so does everybody else, that I have invariably called the senor Leon the most accomplished gentleman I ever saw in my life."

"Quite right!" said cook.

"I am answer for the respectful manner with which you have ever mentioned the name," observed the butler, taking laundress's hand.

"And I for yours!" said laundress.

"I, for," remarked chambermaid, "that if I were on my oath I should say that I have never heard a disrespectful word spoken concerning the noble gentleman who has married the mistress. Any one who has had occasion to introduce him into conversation, it was with a proper regard for his dignity, as for that of a gentleman whose nice sense of honor would not be to question. If they have appeared to do otherwise, in the presence of gardener, it was with a negligence as gardener and general waiting-maid, it was designed, for the purpose of drawing out certain persons, the favoritisms of whose sentiments towards the noble senor they had good reasons to suspect."

"Quite right!" said cook.

"I am a poor and humble young woman," said butler, shaking chambermaid warmly by the hand, "and your disparagement is a high praise."

"I am sure I always thought well of you," said porter, generously.

"And I," said laundress, embracing her.

"With those facts before me," continued chamberlain, "I cannot but feel that I have a right to case certain persons should wish to carry tales to the senora concerning the senor, that the testimony whenever and wherever I shall be called on so to do. Certain persons needn't think to have their own way forever. I have eyes, and ears, and can hear; but I will not say a word now to any one. I will wait my own time, and when I am mentioned to mistress, might make certain persons uncomfortable. But I will not be the bearer of any tales. I have a principle that is against getting my fellow-servants into trouble. Though I myself am not at all concerned, I don't know what I might do. There are things—but I will not say a word now; no, not one word. Indeed, I will say, cook, porter, butler and laundress have ever stood up for Leon in a manner creditable to them; they would for the dearest and most respected friend they had in the world. And I know they will say the same of me?"

"Quite right!" said cook.

"And I," said butler.

"And I," said laundress.

And all looked defiance at "some persons."

Gardener shrugged his shoulders with a dry laugh, and general waiting-maid went off in a paroxysm of high mirth.

Of course neither had any intention of "carrying tales for the purpose of making mischief;" and nothing were came to the denizens of the kitchen than their fright.

A wedding, on a scale of rare liberality and splendor, followed the arrival of the bridal party; and for a week nothing else was talked of in Toledo.

The marriage, however, we find it necessary to remark, did not give universal satisfaction. The great host of young gentlemen who had counted themselves among the fair lady's admirers, and each of whom had confidently looked forward to winning her hand and spending her fortune, were, individually and collectively, sadly put out. They were not pleased with the turn which affairs had taken at all. The pockets of many of them were not so deep as was desirable; their tailors were urgent for their wages in their bills, and their wardrobes were getting furious with impatience. "Under these circumstances," they naturally felt a lively interest in the revenues of the widow, who, they thought, might have made a wretchier choice.

The Marquis Duke de Serbazo, on hearing of the matter, was so indignant that he shut himself up in his room for a week, and would see no one under any consideration. He nearly devoured his pillow in his wrath, which was a large number of cubic of vengeance against the bridegroom. Fortunately for that personage, however, and perhaps also for himself, he never attempted to carry them into effect; which, it may be, was owing, chiefly or in part, to the fact that he entertained a longer capsule of wielding a sword. He had in addition a wholesome awe of the excessively, of whose superior abilities in the duello he was himself a living, if not a delighted witness.

A few days after the wedding, the Viceroy and his friend the superintendent called to congratulate the happy pair.

"I had wished," said the Viceroy, pleasantly, to the bride, "to take the privilege of kissing the service; but it appears, dear lady, it was already decided that he should enjoy more than he. Love's!"

Whose wages, prince," returned the blushing senora, "are higher than any the other can offer?"

"And this is, in sooth!" laughed the Viceroy.

He said the superintendent, with a roguish smile, as he squeezed the ex-secretary's hand, "you would find, dear friend, something more than a danger of your degenerating into a grave, staid, and serious life, had you always spent it as Leon, whom he has always made it a point to treat with the most careful consideration. I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he has been guilty of my noble friend against that worthy gentleman. I am sure that no one in this company will believe the truth, will say that he or she ever heard him make use of a reproachful word. Will any one?"

Gardener shrugged his shoulders with a dry laugh.

"So he is," said cook. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to say so!"

Gardener laughed again.

"I for my part," said porter, "can bear witness to the very respectful manner with which my noble friend, the butler, has always spoken of our Leon, whom he has always made it a point to treat with the most careful consideration. I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he has been guilty of my noble friend against that worthy gentleman. I am sure that no one in this company will believe the truth, will say that he or she ever heard him make use of a reproachful word. Will any one?"

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"So he is," said cook. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to say so!"

Gardener laughed again.

"Meaning Barnaby," said gardener, with a significant gesture, expressive of putting a rope around somebody's neck, and lifting him up and letting him fall.

"No such thing, sir," returned butler, very red with virtuous indignation. "I deny the charge and imputation. How dare you, sir, slander an honest man in this way? You are a disgraceful person, sir!

THE GRAVE AMONG THE OAKS.

BY MRS. E. D. SOUCHAY.

A young and beautiful Virginian, Miss Susan C. Reynolds, being a sufferer from pulmonary disease, spent two winters in the balmy atmosphere of Savannah, a few years since. The Destroyer went on in his fearful work, and the fairest promise of her death-like eye was not to be fulfilled. She quietly "fell asleep" on the banks of the Ogeechee, and was buried in the shade of the live oak, with whose every branch the memories of the Virginia family were linked. More than a century since, Col. Tattnall, father of the Governor of Georgia, of the same, planted a large square with the live-oak, which are now immense trees, and with their huge arms interlocked, and draped in the gendest moss common to that region, form a majestic canopy of shade. The years came, the years entered the century, where not only the descendants of the original proprietor, but others, have found the peace of their last rest.

The last visit on earth, of the lovely orphan herself, was to the spot where she now reposes. There, also, a stranger from Florida and exhibitor, her head was laid under the green sod by strange hands.

An interesting occurrence has recently extended the memory of the gentle sleeper with one and all. Last spring the poet-nursery, a large delegation from Virginia attended a convention held at Savannah, and some of its members drove out to visit her grave. They found it with some difficulty, sheltered by a cypress, and covered by the tangles of the holly, myrtle and magnolia. One of their number proposed, in behalf of the whole party, that it should not be permitted to remain thus neglected. A subscription was immediately raised, and a monument ordered, "to be of the most elegant material, worthy of sympathy and respect for a daughter of their own Old Dominion."

Thus lightly and thus would a soul sleep
Death Draught's sweet sip,
Where reclaimed nature, step and sigh and sob,
Into hammers wove their silken toil,
As though some hand would say,

Without a hint, the Visitor came,
Without a voice, the Summoner;
He drew to unveil—he bent no brow—
His mark'd toil left a vision here
In silent mystery.

A maiden, in her hoary's prime,
Upon a grave, in her youth's prime,
Sat with a book, and read
Of whom an Angel had dared to tell,
He did not appear to seek.

Yet whom him not—the dead had known
Even she in wrath is merciful;
Her book was there to close on the pale—
To rear above the spleen of pain,
Where sunshine glory sleeps.

Though hot in her Virginian veins,
Which beat her native skies,
The lifeless ginger sank to rest—
Calm while her spirit left with the birds,
Her groves of Elsinore.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 29.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DURKAP.

THE RHINOCEROS.

"Well, boys," said Uncle Jack, as we gathered about him after supper, "I have but little more of adventure to tell you, for I have told you all my can recite. But I had one little brush that's worth relating.

We left Abbas and followed the river up to-wards its source. I wanted to visit Axum, which is only a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and a good road over the mountains to the port of Adulis. We crossed a fertile plain, then ascended the Abbata to Axum; but we stopped some by the way.

When we reached our destination I found myself richly repaid for all my trouble. Axum was once the capital of Abyssinia, and must have been a flourishing place; but it is now a vast pile of ruins and ancient relics. There were several monuments standing, and among them was a mo-nolith obelisk sixty feet high, and a number of prostrate ones also."

"What's a monolith?" asked Ben.

"It is a monument or obelisk made from a single stone."

"And sixty feet high!" pursued Ben, incredulously.

"O, yes," returned our host. "And the inscriptions in Greek type will find some words of a handle for ahead of that in words. However, there were many things worth seeing in the city, and I spent a week there very profitably. There was a Christian church, in which all the ecclesiastics of the place were kept, and many sculptures and inscriptions of interest.

"To the north-east, at the base of the mountains, was quite a forest, while to the west stretched away a broad desert. One day I went out with my friends and with my two followers in company, started off upon a sort of promenade, but one had scarcely an idea that we should find plenty of hunt upon the edge of the forest if we should choose to penetrate it. We were about a mile from the city ground as long as I could find anything worth looking after.

"Towards the middle of the afternoon we came to a place where a point of land ran up into the woods just like a bay upon the sea-shore. At the outer edge the distance was all of half-a-mile from point to point of the opposite sides, but my field was about the same distance in depth. We started to cross this wide space from the point to the mouth of the inner point. It was quite hard and very rough, the road being worse than bad. Its color was very near the same as our common red free-stone, though perhaps a little lighter.

"I had scarcely gotten across when there was over brushy rods, and I stopped when about half way over to gaze around me. I never saw a more perfect illusion. It appeared exactly as though I stood upon the bottom of a dry river. Upon these sides was a line of forest trees, while away upon the fourth stretched a sea the bound of which was beyond my ken. But the illusion was not the strong sunlight, and at a very short distance these sparkling stones entirely changed and took on the color of the desert. Finally I started on again, and had come to within a rod of the wood, when with a moment and among some underbrush attracted my attention.

"This underbrush was a sort of evergreen, with very thick, matted boughs, and opened its foliage close to the ground. I stopped and gave a sharp report, and gazed upon the spot. At first I could see nothing, but presently I saw more I saw an eye. I moved a step nearer, and saw the ear, and what must be an eye, but I saw the end of a horn, too. For some time I stood and looked, those two points carefully, and I was sure I had not been mistaken. There was an eye, bright and piercing, and not large, and a horn. It was an antelope, I felt certain. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and fired.

"The second of the report was quickly followed by a cry that caused me to start back. It was a loud, thundering bellow, half way between a deep, guttural grunt and the call of a full grown calf. I heard this, and then I saw the foliage separate, and a huge monster head forth with a body like an elephant's!

"'A rhinoceros!' cried Abdoe, turning upon his heel and running with all his might.

"His cry had attracted the animal's attention, and as he started to run the rhinoceros gave him chase. Of course I breathed more easily as I found myself free from the immediate danger, but I trembled for my companion.

"The animal I had thus started from his cover was larger than I had ever supposed the rhinoceros to grow. He was very near twelve feet long, from his snout to the insertion of his tail, and the distance around his body was the same. Thus you will see that he almost equaled in length the two hippos that I had killed, and in point of bulk he was far more."

"He must have been a monstrous fellow," interrupted Ben.

"He was a monstrous fellow, indeed, and I was very fortunate in getting away from him as well as I did. His head was very large, and his horn was a formidable weapon. It was about two feet long, and was set upon the top of his snout, and directly over the nose. It was very sharp, and was curved a little backward. His legs are short—so short that the hanging belly almost touched the ground as he walks. The end of his broad hog-like, with straight ears; small piercing eyes; and an immense belly and baggy, which can be moved in almost any direction, and with which the animal gathers up the grass and herbage he means to eat.

"He does not use his striking fa-tures—and I assure you it is a sting enough for those whom he attacks—in his horn. He grows upon the top of his snout, and is a powerful weapon, nevertheless, and he got it well. It is so hard as a saw that it will cut wood; and grows to be even three feet long. It is generally shorter than that. The skin is thick and hard, and, without hair, save here and there a few stiff bristles. It is so hard that the edge of a sword will not penetrate it, and it will even turn a rifle ball in most parts, though there are points where a bullet will enter and kill. This skin lies in folds upon the haunches and about the head, and where these folds are it must be very near impenetrable.

"And yet the rhinoceros can run quite swiftly. He goes at a rolling, plunging, uncouth gait, and for one can outrun him.

"I sprang to loading my rifle as quickly as possible, and in the meantime I kept an eye upon the beast, for Abdoe gain the wood, and then he disappeared, with the enraged monster close at his heels. In a few moments I started across upon the plain, and as I gained the point where my companions had entered I heard their cries. Abdoe sounded above me, and upon looking up I saw Abdoe perched away in the top of a tree.

"'Where is the rhinoceros?' I called, in a loud tone. And I discovered where he was without further signs. The noise had startled him, and he turned from the tree up which Abdoe had taken refuge, and headed after me!

"The rhinoceros is about the only animal that never eats flesh that will attack one at every opportunity. But he will do it, though not always. Sometimes the traveler may pass him without danger; while at another he will rush from his cover into the midst of a party without provocation or warning.

"But this individual had provocation in plenty. I could see blood sticking from his nose, but I could not stop to see what effect my shot had. As he came out I turned and ran. Had I seen who I should have dashed into the thick wood at once, and mounted a tree; but it was too late now. I could run then. I was light and active, and knew how to use my legs. Across the plain I flew, keeping my eye busy, as well as my feet, in looking for a tree upon which I could climb in case of need. On, rather, there were no trees, or those within my reach were too small to support either me or my foe.

"The rhinoceros was close behind me. He puffed like a locomotive, and I fancied I could feel the earth shake beneath me as his feet came down upon the hard ground.

"Made shouted for me to look out. But there was no time for me to look out. I knew well that the beast was close to me, and at every leap I expected to feel his horn. Suddenly I saw a rifle, for I knew if I gained the tree I should need it, and if I didn't gain it I could spare the weapon as well as not.

"But you may be sure that I was not long in running to reach that plain. Both my companions at the outside; but they seemed long minutes to me. The beast had almost overtaken me as I left the edge of the sand and there were branches within five feet of the ground. They were a sort of stunted bush, some of them having trunks as large as small trees grow to a large size in the forest, but upon the edge of the desert they were dwarfed and stunted.

"The last rod was a narrow squeak. I heard Made yelling with all his might; and I heard the rhinoceros behind me, coming on like a locomotive. But one for me to run, and then they'd shoot with an aim that was more certain. I was not long in making their efforts amounted to nothing in result, for I was running at my highest speed, and they were quite short of death could have turned the infuriate beast from his purpose.

"The tree was gained at length. I heard the brute behind me, and I knew he was close upon me. As I planted my hand upon the lowest limb I noticed that his breathing, or puffing, was stopped. I looked around, but could see nothing of the beast. My heart leaped fearfully, for, by a sort of instinct, I knew that he had gathered himself for a blow.

"My hand touched the lower branch, and at the same moment I threw up my feet. I caught the limb with all my power, I made the spring. At the very instant when I gave the spring I could have sworn that some stub throwing me off. They swayed to and fro as though beneath the shock of lightning!

"But I held on—and I was safe! As soon as I could gain my breath I looked down for the beast. There stood the rhinoceros, right below me, with his nose pushed against the trunk. At first I thought he was trying to uproot them. He pulled and pushed, and lifted and lunged, with a power that shook me in my perch. Presently the monster began to bellow with a voice like thunder. This he kept up a while, and then he commenced to pull and tug again.

"Aha! I saw it now. The fellow was fast! Caught like a pigeon in a snare! He had gathered all his strength for a blow at me, and in his blind rage he had not counted the exact chances of hitting his mark.

"The two trees were very near the same size—say, a foot in diameter at the trunk—and when they crossed each other they not only lapped together, but became kind of socketed—that is, fitted into each other, as you would halve the legs of a cable together. The rhinoceros had struck his huge horn directly upon the point where the two trees lapped, and, driven by the full force of his gigantic body, it had entered nearly to the hilt.

"As soon as I was calm enough to reason I saw that he could not get away without breaking his horn, which was all the power he yet the trees apart; for the horn, which turned back towards the point, had been driven with an upward course, so that, in order to draw it out, he would have to pull downward. The weight of his body gave him no advantage. All the strain was upon the neck and head. It was plain that the end of the monster was fast, and then I came down; and as soon as my companions met up upon term-fina they came running up.

"Of course we all set like to treat the entrapped monster too long, so we proceeded to despatch him at once. I placed the muzzle of my rifle near his eye, aiming so that the ball should penetrate the centre of the brain, and then fired. At the same instant Abdoe, who had ever before in his long musket, took aim beneath the fold of the fore shoulder, and found the beast's heart.

"As the two reports broke almost simultaneous ly upon the ale the rhinoceros gave a mighty leap forward, snapped in sunder both ends of the tree at the snout, and falling back upon his haunches. He struggled a little, but it could not run. He lingered a few steps—then swayed to and fro as he tried in vain to steady himself—and in a moment, with a heavy groan, he fell with a shock that seemed to make the very plain quake.

"Made and the boys ran with the short axe, and we then moved on. Two hours afterwards we reached a little hamlet, of half-a-dozen huts, and when we informed the native what we had done they took their knives and hoes, and pooled up after the carcass.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship, who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

WORDS—THOUGHTS—ACTIONS.

They are all important, and every one of them tells upon our destiny, for good or for evil. The effect of an action—a thought—a word, may not be known in this life. It could not be fully discovered by us or other mortals, but it is there; it is in the book of God, and will be known in the world to come. Every one of us is daily and hourly sowing seed which will germinate and grow, and bear fruit, for good or for evil. Like the influence of stars upon the earth, which we cannot see, but which we know to exist, so is the influence of our words and actions upon those around us. Every word we speak, every action we perform, has its influence upon others, and helps to form their characters, and, of course, to influence their destiny. Every one of us is a botanist in diversity; and how, as a moral power, we should prevent a noxious weed from taking root and poisoning the air around us!

Remember, our caution to you was simply a caution against the young man contemplating to enter into matrimony before he was provided with a profession, occupation, and, of course, had nothing on which he could depend for a support. We do not wish to be understood as giving encouragement to parties, to better than a fortune to a young man entering into the married state should never have to do so. A man's fortune is not always counted. Many immense fortunes have been frittered away by their possessors, and the strongest and most vigorous constitutions have been undermined by dissipation. Therefore, we say, let a young man be provided with a profession, and then, if he has a fortune to begin with, well and good; but nothing on which he could depend for support, and then marry.

W. B. R.—At the battle of Talavera, which was fought on the 28th of July, 1809, the French army commanded by the valiant Joseph Bonaparte, and the British and Spaniards by Wellington. The latter gained the victory, but with immense slaughter. The carnage and horrors of this battle are described in a letter thought thirty thousand French for three hours, and the battle was lost.

Miss E. L.—Old-paper paper is not at all unfashionable in lady's correspondence; on the contrary, the most elegant notelettes are deteriorating in—it is beginning to be considered a positive vulgarity to use any thing but the finest paper in supplanting it is the extinction of the most untold. We are trying to use another kind of paper, but have not succeeded.

E. G.—You deserve much praise for refusing to spend your money along with dissolute companions, and appropriating it to the purchase of books. Keep on in the course you on the joys of your life acquaintances, and persevere in the good you have begun, and you will be rewarded by a flattering reward.

Miss Anna.—You should wait a little while, until you can be more certain as to your affections, before giving a definite answer to the proposal of your admirer. As the case now stands, you are not sufficiently acquainted with his character to put further appeal to your father for protection against his unwelcome visits.

Estelle.—We never heard that water-drinking would make a lady pale. It would depend probably upon the amount of the sweetening principle she possessed. You should not use so much sugar in your lemonade, or in such proportions as much to heart. Ladies are such adorable creatures that we never there is of them be too fond.

Annie, New York.—If the facts of the case are as you state them, you can make the gentleman pay for your watch and prosecute him besides for a violation of the law of some kind, however, we do not know. Put him to the test of some good lawyer, and he will soon get your watch for you.

M. L. P., Rockford.—T. S. Arthur is the author of the "Two Merchants." We believe Mr. Ould is a native of Massachusetts, but has not resided there for many years. We have no other information.

An Anxious Inquirer.—If you do not have enough to support a single man or the one you describe, you had better give up all thoughts of marriage. One of these requisite to matrimony is common sense.

Bloomington, Canada West.—There is sufficient matter in the London free patters enabled to a copyright in Canada to enable us to put a similar upon any attempt to republish it there.

Lonne, Brooklyn.—Your hand-writing is excellent for a copyist, but it is impossible to say whether or where you could get a situation.

A. F.—A girl whose father is living cannot chose a guardian.

Dr. Gannon asks if the reading of tales and stories may be considered beneficial to the intellectual progress of mankind. We answer—certainly. Some of the noblest minds have been instituted, some of the highest doctrines rendered beautiful and acceptable, by being enshrined in the most able and popular form of novel-writing; and beyond this, there is no doubt that the perusal of works of fiction has led many men to a love of reading generally to whom literature in any other form would be a sealed book and a mystery. For instance, many a school-boy (and many a young man, too,) would look with apprehension at an elaborate treatise on history, philosophy, or the sciences, who would devour with eager eyes. But did any one ever hear of a boy's objecting to Robinson Crusoe, Sir Roger de Coverley, or Earnest the Brave? Moreover, there are not chances in one that he will want to read anything else when he has finished them. Interesting facts introduced in these tales when he has finished them; and he will be apt to remember them, as they are in the pages, from having fallen in with a good novel. Go to my boy, then, with confidence, and tell him what the books are which have suffered chance to keep the working man from the public-house, and the young man from the haunts of dissipation and evil. They will tell you that, not to say allusion to one book of any other class. A class of literature which can thus subvert the pernicious habits of its customers cannot be wholly useless.

A. F. W.—The expression "pitcher-ears" is a contemptuary severity for writing—"Fanny, the oldest of two sisters," and precisely similar to the would have written "Fanny, the elder of two sisters," and says that "the elder" is the proper form as only two persons are spoken of; more objects of comparison"—a history which we pronounce to be correct. Sometimes, however, there is an error in such two express as with these. The comparative is only used in conversation or letter-writing. Thus—"as your brother is not the elder brother of Fanny he said of half-a-dozen boys, you must not call him the eldest brother." Again, "the eldest brother of the family" is the proper form to express the oldest, irrespective of number; and when there are more than two brothers the word eldest and oldest is to be used in the definite article with the superlative comparative. It be kept in the distinction between the eldest and the youngest, the eldest. "The younger brother" is an awkward and unusual brother," for "the more correct mode of speech," is incorrect. It should be "a more correct," or "the most correct."

Mrs. E. A. W.—By re-perusing the article you mention, you will discover that its views and opinions are general, and in no wise of particular or specific application. We are much astonished at the letter you speak of, and at the manner in which you refer, especially as the one which follows, as you will see, is from the same writer. We do not think that any good is to be derived by us in answering the letter, for the immorality of the suffering, throughout the girls and women of the country from a misconception of the duties of life such as altogether incapable of doing anything essentially and as we think ourselves in acting justly in regard to all our readers, it is not pleasant to be even indirectly accused of negligence or disrespect towards any correspondent, and we do not aim to treat all fairly and alike.

Ellen.—It is necessary to go and see a couple married in church without being invited? This depends upon circumstances. If you are a near relative, or intimate friend, you would be expected to be present at the wedding-time, we should not think it necessary to go out of your way to attend the ceremony. If a friend of a friend were personally known to us, we might or might not feel it to be our duty to attend the ceremony. If we were invited to be present, we should be under obligation to do so. Any one who would wonder it unbecoming. But of such rules as these, judge for yourself. Be governed by your own good sense, and by the general rule that we know of for the regulation of one's conduct in society.

A Man of Sensitive Habits—Moderate exercise in the open air is one of the most useful tonics extant, and should be carefully avoided. Exercise should, if possible, always be taken from four hours after meals. Walking is decidedly the very salutary, and it has been observed that writing is the best exercise for the brain. Sleeping in a well-ventilated room is beginning to find favor in country circles, and is a practice certainly not conducive to health.

Lena Lee.—Send several stamps, and the fee can doubtless be found to get a gift; a little disfigured may also be found among the circle you refer to. Perfect impressions is kept us should be of a genial temperature, as they come from a tropical country. In winter we should keep them in a room of only, not, in cold weather, should not be replaced in a cold room. They should be allowed to stay at first in a room previously; in summer, that precaution is unnecessary. We think that the best method of preserving them is to select eighty degrees. Some people put a little moss in the box.

A Constant.—In riding with a lady a gentleman should ride on the right hand side of the lady, and not on the left, as you suppose. In case of a runaway horse, and it would be very awkward for a gentleman to occupy the same side. Besides, if the horse should shy and throw the rider, the right fighter a horse on the same side, and if her own horse should run away, the gentleman would be between the lady and if he were on her left side.

Mrs. Jones.—Crooked nose can be most nebulous than bad. Trying is the most objectionable of all modes of settling a dispute. In winter we should keep the feet warm, and by drying gas dungeons with the stomach. You should eat plenty of fruit. All of ordinary cases where a doctor is thoroughly boiled. Camomile you should never eat; they are not fit to be eaten by human beings.

Agnes.—I only might count to invite a gentleman to visit you, and would avoid meeting him in the street. You will wish him to expect his visit; but inasmuch as we can only judge from your letter, we cannot say that we think it would be proper for you to do so. We think you should become better acquainted with him than you have before you would be accepted.

Miss Ella.—Crooked noses are more